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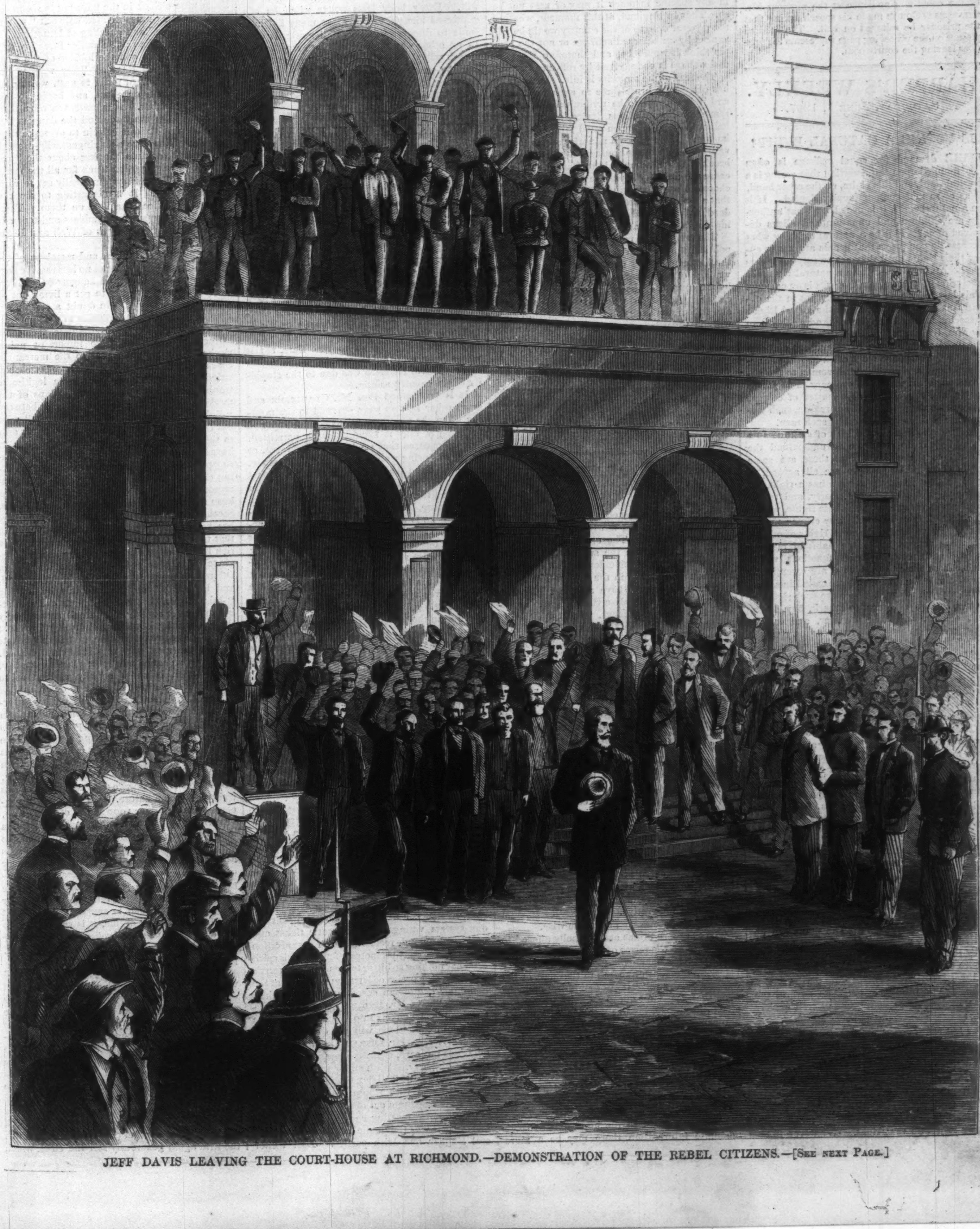


JEFF DAVIS LEAVING THE COURT-HOUSE AT RICHMOND.—DEMONSTRATION OF THE REBEL CITIZENS.—[See next Page.]

TRIAL OF JEFF DAVIS.

Chief-Justice Chase issued a writ of *habeas corpus* on May 8, requiring the person of Jefferson Davis to be brought before the United States Circuit Court for the District of Virginia. The writ was served on General Burton, the commandant at Fortress Monroe, on May 11, and the same day the prisoner was taken to Richmond, where a mounted guard received him and held him in custody at the Spottswood Hotel until May 13. During Sunday he held a levee, to which his friends were admitted without any restriction. On May 13 he was brought by General Burton before Judge Underwood and delivered up to the civil authorities, thus finally releasing him from military custody. Judge Underwood ordered his arrest on the indictment found against him in his court a year ago, and the prisoner was at once taken in charge. The attorneys of the Government having announced that they were not prepared to prosecute at this term of the court, a motion was made to release the prisoner on bail. The motion was granted, and the bail fixed at one hundred thousand dollars. Horace Greeley, Augustus Schell, John Minor Botts, and thirteen others were accepted as securities. Our engraving on page 340 represents the appearance of the court and audience at the moment Mr. Charles O'Conor made his speech asking that the prisoner be released on bail. The spirited picture on the preceding page represents the prisoner leaving the court-room.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 1, 1867.

IS VOTING A NATURAL RIGHT?

THE demand for equal suffrage is often founded upon the assertion that voting is a natural right, and this claim, on the other hand, is as often and contemptuously denied. If it be a natural right, it is urged, by what authority are children and unnaturalized aliens deprived of it? If it be a natural right, by what process do you prove that people are not to enjoy their rights until they are twenty-one years old? And clearly, if it be a natural right, the exclusion of women from the polls is an outrage. This last point was conclusively put in the debates at the late meeting of the Equal Rights Association, and by no one more admirably than by Mrs. Stanton. Indeed, it is ludicrous and shameful to turn from her trenchant and eloquent argument, the work of an intelligent, accomplished, and experienced woman to the political performances of an ordinary male stump orator, and reflect that, as a matter of course, without argument and without reason, such women are politically disabled by such men.

Those who sneer at the idea of suffrage as a natural right do not seem to understand the ground of the claim. That there are some kinds of natural rights we are all agreed, at least in this country. A man has a right, for instance, to his life, to his liberty, and to the fruits of his honest labor. These rights, we are also agreed, may be forfeited by crime; that is to say, by invasions of the equal rights of others. To these natural rights the habit of modern society adds certain social functions, which spring from the natural rights, are essential to their completion, and which are called in a general way civil rights. These are such rights as to sue, to give evidence, to inherit, buy, lease, sell, convey, and hold property, and others. Few intelligent persons in this country would now deny or forbid equality of natural and civil rights. But a distinction is made between these and political rights. Upon what ground? We put the advocates of the distinction upon the defensive. If men have equal natural and civil rights, whence in reason do you derive political inequality?

These natural and civil rights are equally precious to every man. They are given to each man, we say, by God. Now, what is government? Merely a system for the defense of those individual rights; an arrangement to prevent any man or any body of men from harming the rights of others. But has God given to John Smith a right which he has also given to John Jones, and for which he has given Smith a defense which he has not given Jones? Or has he empowered Smith to take care both of his own rights and of Jones's? In other words, has he arranged that Smith shall defend himself against Jones and Jones against Smith? If he has, where are Smith's credentials? How does he prove that Jones is to look to him for security? The point can be settled only by asserting his own will by force or by the consent of Jones. The first method is pure despotism, the second concedes the natural political right of Jones. As for the theory that the most intelligent ought to govern, the difficulty is the selection. Goldsmith naïvely sang:

> "For just experience shows in every soil
> That those who think should govern those who
> toil."

But neither Goldsmith nor any poet or philosopher ever showed how we are to determine who does think and who toils.

The truth is, that if God has given a right to any man he has also given all the means necessary to secure that right. Whatever functions a man is born with he has a right to exercise freely without injuring others. The argument in the abstract is with those who assert natural political equality as the complement of civil equality; and they must fail who undertake to deny it. It is not there that they should plant their argument, but on the secondary ground of expediency. If they can make a successful struggle it will be upon that.

But we doubt if they can do any better even upon that ground. Whatever the abstract original right may be, whatever speculations we may indulge about "man anterior to society" and "man entering into society," the practical truth is, that we find him in society and must deal with him there. A certain part of one of the sexes exercises political power every where. Where they are the large majority they will share that power with the minority and the weak only because they see that it will be for their advantage to do so. Hence the duty of those who would lead public opinion to favor the extension of power is to show that it is always good policy to conform to natural right. For men are so made that they will think the deprivation of a natural right is an evil, whether in any specific instance it may or may not be so. Thus in England, at this moment, whether the general welfare of the country would be advanced by an enlarged suffrage or not the people think it would be, and therefore the general welfare is endangered by refusing it.

The fear of the majority is idle. A majority has always the brute force to execute its will, and if it chooses to be tyrannical there is no remedy. No ingenious device, no check and balance dependent upon good faith could curb its will. Even where a minority seems to prevail, as in some of the Southern States at the outbreak of the rebellion, it is an illusion. It is because the majority is passive; and if it does not choose to assert its will, the case merely shows that a majority as such is not to be feared. Indeed, reflection and experience agree in showing that a majority is not usually a monster.

The tendency of modern society is to simpler political thought and action. The theories of the last century are passing away, and the advantage of a government which exists in truth by the consent of the governed is rapidly vindicating itself. The current is swift and sure; and it bears us to the time when the word male will be regarded as no less a barbarous disfigurement of the fundamental law than the word white. The argument against both is long since exhausted, and only a prejudice remains, which is so much the thinner as "natural antipathy" and the formidable argument of the table and the marriage relation can not be urged.

> "'Courage!' he said, and pointed toward the land,
> 'This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon.'"

DISCUSSION AT THE SOUTH.

The deprecation of political debate in the late rebel States is simply silly. Those States are to be organized by equal suffrage. A large part of the voters are newly enfranchised and were lately slaves. The old master class can not see with patience the sudden elevation of the slaves, which is coincident with its own humiliation and defeat in the field. The freedmen can not at once have all the moderation and wisdom of a highly-civilized people accustomed to self-government. But the situation is nevertheless simple. The whole population of the South is to be educated to political power by possessing it. They are to become accustomed as soon as practicable to all the processes of a free popular government. They are not to be arbitrarily trained or moulded or whittled into shape. People can never learn to swim until they jump into the water. There is no political education like political practice.

Now the first condition of political education is perfect freedom of speech. Every citizen is to say what he thinks, and why he thinks it, whenever he can get any body to hear him. If he says it foolishly, so much the worse for his opinion. He will make no converts; he will repel them. But other people have no right to be brutal because he is angry or extravagant. They may go out of hearing, but they must not close his mouth. If he knows his audience to be peculiarly sensitive or excited, a judicious speaker will govern himself accordingly. But if he be injudicious his rights are precisely the same, and the duty of the Government to protect him is imperative. Our popular system does not suppose every man to be wise.

The Southern States are as wholly unused to the spirit and the forms of a free government as Du Chaillu's Ashango Land. There has never been any freedom of speech in that part of the country or any toleration of differing opinions upon the most vital questions. The word liberty in its simple, broad sense has been utterly unmeaning. Free speech, and thereby a popular government, can be established there only by a force whose mere presence will keep the peace. And with such a force at hand the true course is to encourage men of every opinion to stump the whole region and advocate their views. We hope they may be discreet men, but that we can not bargain for. If we ask them not to go, in the hope that at some indefinite future time there may be a more pacific moment and a greater willingness to hear, we forget that the peaceable time is the result of this very frank discussion, and that in postponing the debate we postpone the peace. It is by education, by enlightenment of every kind that the temper of the disturbed section is to be moderated. We can no more escape the agitation than the disturbed electrical condition of the atmosphere and the earth can adjust itself without a thunder-storm.

It would, indeed, be extremely unfair if one side only were allowed to speak; and it is alleged that the Republicans alone are allowed to say what they will in any manner they choose. The charge is totally untrue. Wade Hampton has exactly the same freedom that Henry Wilson has, and Governor Orr may speak as plainly as Judge Kelley. Probably while the States are under military rule none of these speakers would be allowed to urge resistance to the Government. But the restriction would be impartial. It would silence Mr. Wilson as well as Mr. Hampton.

For ourselves we confess that the true plan seems to be to have a force which secures order, and then to let every tongue wag at its will. Every body feels better when he has expressed himself, and a great many listeners smile to discover what a small matter it was. In no other way than by absolute freedom of speech will the people of the disturbed States ever be politically educated, or the region become sufficiently tranquil to allow the withdrawal of the troops.

THE AGITATION IN ENGLAND.

The great Reform meeting in London was perfectly orderly. The Government had the good sense not to oppose it, as it had threatened. The authorities had ten thousand troops under arms hidden away in convenient yards, and as many special policemen with five thousand of the regular force; but there was no occasion to use them, nor was it their presence which kept the peace, but the good sense of the people. Indeed, as John Bright said in Parliament, a great meeting of the people has never led to a breach of the peace; and when riots and bloodshed have followed it has been in consequence of the interference of the Government. The great Birmingham meeting of 1832 was the most enormous popular assembly ever known in England to that time, but it was solemn and not stormy; and the earlier catastrophe of Peterloo was due to the stupidity of the country militia.

It is understood that Mr. Gladstone and some other leaders were opposed to the meeting when the Government declared firmly and persistently that it should not be permitted. But it appeared that the Tory Government, as usual, was using words in a Pickwickian sense. It was resolved that the people should not meet until it saw that the people were resolved to meet, and then it withdrew its opposition. So, in the House, Mr. Disraeli insists upon a measure until he is defeated, then he smilingly acquiesces. Such a course may keep a Minister in office, but it fearfully demoralizes his party.

The Reform meeting was not a monster meeting. It was not especially enthusiastic, but it was none the less a significant triumph of the people over the Government. It was a decisive battle gained. Not only the question of meeting in the parks was settled, but the point was achieved that a firm popular purpose, irrespective of voting, can control so aristocratic a Government as that of England. The present Reform agitation, like that of 1832, is a peaceful war, which, if not forcibly withstood, will reconstruct or revolutionize the British political system without a blow. A year ago Mr. Lowe sneered at the Reform. He said that it was not only unnecessary, but it was not wanted. From that moment the people of England have declared in constantly louder chorus, "It is wanted;" and so persuasive is the music that the Tory Ministry leads the way to Reform, and levels all barriers that impede the popular will.

This is done at a sad cost of consistency and dignity. The British Tory party as a reforming party is as absurd as the American Democratic party in the same rôle. It sacrifices its essential spirit, its antecedents, and its traditions. The reactionary feeling that distrusts men and derides progress, which is the essence of English Toryism as it is of American Democracy, so that you find every man who distrusts our system voting the Democratic ticket and praising England, recoils from an organization which deliberately promotes reform. This spirit can hear nothing so bitter to it as John Bright's contemptuous praise of Disraeli. "What the honorable gentleman sneers at in my opinions one year," says Mr. Bright, in substance, "I observe that he enacts into law the next. Let him continue, and he will yet do the country good service." Mr. Disraeli knows, but probably does not care, that his success is the moral ruin of his party. With all his sardonic cleverness the author of "Vivian Grey" is remarkably like the agent with whose assistance the cat pulled the chestnuts out of the hot ashes.

The Reform meeting had this other importance that it was the public alliance of the Liberal English and Irish parties. Last winter John Bright went to Dublin and gave his hand to Ireland. Now the O'Donoghue comes to London and gives his hand to Reform. This is the dawn of a reasonable hope for Ireland. The Liberal party of both countries joins in the agitation because, as the O'Donoghue wisely says, "It aims at a reconstruction of the machinery which is to work out the settlement of all other questions."

REFORMATORIES FOR STOCK GAMBLERS.

It is startling to note how the army of small speculators and impecunious brokers has multiplied since legitimate business has been depressed. Hundreds have abandoned their honest callings and gone to the Stock Market to try their luck. They scrape together what money they can, select their brokers, deposit their 10 per cent. margins on Erie or some other stock, and then sit down like a cat at a hole to watch for game. From this instant their nature undergoes a change. They become inveterate idlers, vagrants, and tipplers. From nine o'clock in the morning to six in the evening their time is divided between "watching the market" and guzzling at Delmonico's. Day after day the same familiar faces are seen filling the streets and the lobbies of the Long Room and Open Board. They wander like troubled spirits from pillar to post, waiting for fortune to smile on them, and hoping to get rich without labor. It is useless to warn them of the tricks of the trade and the dangers that beset them. Ruin is certain to overtake them speedily. There are enough genteelly-dressed, able-bodied vagrants hanging about the Stock Boards, to raise garden truck for all the markets of New York, if systematically set to work in the country. It is disgusting to see how idleness and vice take hold on them. There is no better nursery for gamblers and topers in this city than the purlieus of Wall and Broad streets.

The number of brokers and members of the Stock Boards has increased no less rapidly than the army of outsiders and hangers-on. There are far too many trying to get a living out of stock manipulations. No doubt a certain degree of speculation is favorable to the appreciation of railway shares. It stimulates traffic and attracts attention to these important public works. Brokers are useful to the mercantile community so long as they confine themselves strictly to commission business in legitimate transactions; but when the operations of the market are reduced to a brute struggle between "Bulls" and "Bears," to see which shall wipe out the other, it becomes advantageous not only to the public, but to the brokers themselves, to have their ranks thinned out by the exterminating process, just as wars often exercise a purifying effect upon demoralized peoples and communities. For two weeks and more there has been a dead lock between the two rival factions. Stocks have fluctuated somewhat, but the range has been scarcely more than two per cent. in that time, and those who have been expecting a rich harvest of profits by a sudden advance, begin to feel discouraged. The market languishes. Oftentimes during the day it is absolutely dead, and brokers fill up the intervals by singing "John Brown" in the Long Room, or by shouting and caterwauling. There is scarcely any thing done by outsiders, excepting by those habitués already referred to, and their pockets are for the most part very indifferently lined. However, a change must take place eventually, and opinion is about equally divided as to whether stocks are to advance or decline.

Every trade has its tricks. Wall Street operators, whose wealth and experience enable them to control the market, have two principal sources of profit—one through carrying stocks, and the other by forming "pools." It is noticeable that the public almost invariably buy stocks when they are high and sell them when they are low. The broker is not slow to take advantage of this frailty of human nature. He is happy to purchase for a customer 1000 shares of Erie at 90, receiving from him $10,000 in cash as margin in case of depreciation. In course of time the broker, believing that the stock is too high, sells it, without, however, informing his customer of the sale. As the stock declines, fresh margin is called for and paid in. At last a panic takes place, and the stock falls to 60; the broker is ordered to sell, and is supposed to do so at that figure. At all events, it is so charged to the customer upon the broker's books, and of course the broker pockets the 30 per cent. profit.

As to "pools:" before a pool is formed, and when stocks are low and dull, some firm will often buy 10,000 shares of stock. When it has risen 10 or 15 per cent. they propose to some of their customers to form a pool of 10,000 shares at the market-price. The stock previously bought is put into the pool at 65—in other words, the firm who conduct the pool have sold their 10,000 shares of stock to the pool at a profit of 15 per cent., calculating that, in the course of the fluctuations of the market, they can replace it at a lower figure. When, under the manipulations of the operators, the stock has risen to 80, another pool is formed, to which the firm again generously sell the stock which they own. Now the pear is ripe, and it is time to look for a crash. The market breaks, and the credulous find themselves bankrupt. It does not signify that they have been caught in the same trap before. The temptation is too strong to resist, and the hope of success lures them to fresh disasters.

It is to counteract recent combinations of the "Bulls" that the "Bears" are now bending all their energies, and hundreds of interested outsiders are anxiously awaiting the result. Perhaps, when the market breaks, a more healthy state of things will follow. It would be a blessing if disaster would have the effect to show unsophisticated stock gamblers their folly, and turn them from their present habits of idleness to paths of industry, where they would be of some service to their fellow-mortals; but nothing but poverty will keep them from speculating, and when their bones are picked clean, they will still hang like spectres around the fatal precincts of the Stock Boards. They seem to become totally unfitted for business or any honorable or useful sphere of life. What they need is some compulsory course of discipline, like that prescribed in the Asylum for Inebriates. We do not know why one institution is less desirable or necessary than the other. If the Bible and Missionary Societies would send a few apostles and colporteurs to the Stock Exchange and Gold Room, as well as to Africa and the Hindoos, they might peradventure accomplish a good work there in reclaiming youth from the demoralizing paths which they are treading.

AN ITALIAN INTRIGUE.

THOSE of our readers who are interested in Italian politics have naturally shared the feeling of those in Europe who could not explain the sudden resignation of RICASOLI and the accession to power of RATTAZZI and an unknown ministry. The usual explanation is, that it was the result of an intrigue of LOUIS NAPOLEON, who wished to detach Italy from the Prussian alliance; and this theory was favored by the fact that the promotion of RATTAZZI, who is known to favor the French, was coincident with the late movement of France toward Luxemburg.

But we incline to believe that the reason of the change is domestic and not foreign. We read in the London *Chronicle* that in 1848 Signor CASTELLANI came to Rome from Venice as representative of the Manin Republic, and was noted in Rome for liberal opinions and clerical, or extremely reactionary, friendships. He was wrapped in some mystery, and finally disappeared about the year 1850, then turned up in China upon a mission to obtain silk-worms. He returned to Italy without them, but obtained from Egypt, through French mediation, a million of francs damages for the loss of his worms in the Egyptian Custom-house. He was elected to the Italian Parliament from a small Tuscany constituency, and again professing extreme liberalism he was again the friend of the Church and mysteriously intimate with the King. CASTELLANI was one of the authors of the project of separating the Church from the State by a part sale and part sacrifice of the ecclesiastical landed property. RICASOLI, a true Italian, politically speaking, favored the policy as a reconciliation with Rome. Then CASTELLANI introduced LANGRAND DUMONCEAU, a Belgian banker, whom he represented as so intimate with the Court of Rome, and so capable an agent that his services should command any price. A contract was made with him by which he was to receive sixty millions of francs. This seemed to the Chambers enormous. They knew that CASTELLANI was the confidant of DUMONCEAU and of the King. They knew that he had whispered something of a suspension of the Constitution. They felt that to vote the contract might be in some way to vote means for a *coup d'état*, so they rejected the bargain, and the Parliament was dissolved.

Meanwhile one of the most intense Tories in Italy, ALBERI, who had until very recently refused to recognize VICTOR EMANUEL as King, appeared in Rome as an advocate of the DUMONCEAU negotiation, and gave a detailed plan of a *coup d'état* in Italy for which every thing was ready. RICASOLI would be forced to give way, and the King with a General and CASTELLANI would purge the Legislature. Whatever be the truth of this story the ascendency of CASTELLANI over the King seems to be unquestionable. The King believes that CASTELLANI can fill the Treasury and propitiate the Jesuits. But the condition of peace imposed by the Church is understood to be the King's previous confirmation of all religious corporations and communities, and his previous abolition of the Italian Constitution. There are rumors that ALBERI has been called in vain to account for money used in "subsidizing the press," and that CASTELLANI has been bribing members of the Court; while DUMONCEAU's agent has legally summoned the Minister of Finance to fulfill his contract. It also appears that, while dunning the Italian Treasury, DUMONCEAU has promised to assist the insolvent Roman Bank with money.

Had the plans of RICASOLI's administration been fulfilled, the designs of those who plot in the very Court of the King would have been defeated. So he was dismissed. General MENABROA, who was first called as his successor, declined, and CIALDINI, the brave soldier, warned the King not to betray the Constitution. RATTAZZI was summoned, but his administration is without any definite programme. It does not inspire confidence, and it is now hardly doubted that he is the agent of the French Emperor. Meanwhile the deficit in the revenue is rapidly approaching four hundred millions of francs. "Every thing drags," writes the correspondent of the New York *Times;* "and if this was not the most patient people in the world one would not be able to answer for the consequences."

ALARMING.

WE find the following atrocious sentiments in the speech delivered at Montgomery a day or two after the Mobile riot by that fanatical incendiary and radical disorganizer, Judge KELLEY. We quote from the report in the New York *Herald:*

> "He urged them to build rolling-mills, erect furnaces, employ the water-power at Wetumpka and up in the other cotton districts, and to rotate their crops as we do in the North. The day will come when Alabama will not confine herself to cotton as her sole crop, but she will send her railroad iron to the Gulf. The wives and daughters of men as dusky as those around him would spin the cotton. They need not tell him they can't do it; for he had visited the colored schools and found enough of talent and intelligence there to convince him that they had the laborers at hand if they only trained them. Addressing the white people, Mr. KELLEY said he failed to find any other reason for the difference between the North and South than their contempt for the rights of man as man. He urged them to set aside their prejudices and reconstruct the South promptly and willingly. If that were done he would declare, in behalf of the whole country, that the present laws of Congress would be a finality unless it was driven to enact harsher measures, and before many years the South would be more liberal and as prosperous as the North. He then addressed the freedmen, reminding them that their freedom meant the right to toil for their living and get paid for it, but in doing so they must be just to all. Freedom means that a good man is better than a bad man, and the smart man wins the race. They were at liberty to protect their wives, and they should take care of them, and send their children to school, that they might have a lighter task to endure than their fathers. They must live in peace with the people of Alabama. They will have to pay taxes and study the politics of their country. Let those who were mechanics try to start for themselves, and those who were farm-laborers should avail themselves of the homestead law; or, if the government lands were too far away, Congress would see that land-offices should be brought nearer to the people. He was not the agent of a party, but he loved the party he belonged to because of its great principles. Devotion to the Union and belief in the rights of man were its two bases."

EMANCIPATION IN BRAZIL.

THE emancipation of the slaves by the Emperor of Brazil is one of the remote ripples of our late revolution. It leaves Spain the only power among the so-called Christian nations which continues that system of unimaginable wrong to the justification and maintenance of which the "Conservative" party in this country was devoted for the last generation. Happier than the United States, Brazil peacefully emancipates; and although the edict is prospective and conditional, the necessity of the case will change it, and freedom will soon be the law of labor in the Empire. Released from an exceptional condition, the African race must make its own way. But we have no right to judge it as we judge ourselves or any race which has not been so long and fearfully oppressed. We tell it to get upon its feet and walk; but we have bound its feet so cruelly that it would not be strange if they were withered.

RISTORI.

THE amiable RISTORI has left us after a most successful engagement. She has played quite constantly since last September, and has visited every part of the country. Every where there was the same recognition of her carefully-cultivated talent and the same sincere respect for the woman. Like JENNY LIND, she has shown that the stage does not necessarily slope toward the pit, and that dramatic excellence is not synonymous with depravity. Such a lesson is needed in a country where clergymen are often denounced as irreligious because they favor recreation and do not believe that amusement is perilous to the soul.

Of RISTORI's position as an actress there are probably not two opinions. She is not a woman of marked genius, but she has a sensitive sympathy with certain grandiose parts, and a facility of talent elaborately trained which enables her to hold the highest rank in the second range of her art. Her most popular part in this country was Queen Elizabeth, in a play which was merely a series of dramatic tableaux. Upon the effect of this performance all the resources of wardrobe and study of detail were lavished, and they undoubtedly greatly increased the impression. In certain tragic attitudes and tones RISTORI was excellent. But she aroused no true enthusiasm with all the kindly admiration which she justly excited.

She has made the mistake of promising to return. But we doubt if it was a success which can be repeated. We hope for her sake that it may be, and that her words may be a prophecy—"When an artist has Mr. GRAU for manager the battle is more than half won."

SLEEPING INNOCENCE.

JENKINS loses no opportunity. Wishing to say in the most perfect manner that JEFF DAVIS took a nap, he writes that he "availed himself of the recuperative advantages of a quiet slumber."

A NEAT VIEW OF FREE SPEECH.

THE New York *World* says, with tranquil and exquisite absurdity which is wholly characteristic, that upon a calm review of the facts it is evident that Judge KELLEY was responsible for the Mobile riot, because if he had been a man of ready humor he could have managed the turbulent crowd as Mr. BEECHER controlled his Liverpool audience. So if a man has not a ready wit to amuse an assassin he must expect to be murdered for expressing his opinions.

LITERARY.

ONE of the most important standard publications of the time is the "Cyclopedia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature," prepared by the Rev. JOHN M'CLINTOCK, D.D., and JAMES STRONG, S.T.D., of which the first volume (A—B) is just issued by the HARPERS. The title of this comprehensive work well describes it. It is a manual of universal knowledge in its department, which will be tested by every student according to his especial interest or study; and to the clerical profession particularly the work is invaluable. It is, of course, a monument of the learning and the skill of many accomplished scholars who work under the direction of the editors; and a cursory examination reveals the worth of the book. Every object mentioned in the Bible—every proper name—every important topic of Biblical literature—church history—religious biography—detailed descriptions of rites and rituals in every method of worship—church creeds—Christian doctrines—sectarian differences—heresies and controversies—Christian art in every department—are all treated with learning, research, and care, and with a copiousness of that illustration upon wood which is now so attractive to the general reader. The chief merit of such a work is its comprehensiveness and accuracy, and in these respects the Cyclopedia will not disappoint the student. Its publication will proceed steadily to its completion.

"The Jesuits in North America in the Seventeenth Century," by FRANCIS PARKMAN, is the second in the series of historical narratives of which "Pioneers of France in the New World" was the first. This volume is the fearful romance of missionary life. The Jesuit fathers who came to this country and settled among the savages were heroes as devoted and martyrs as exalted as any in human annals. That their whole work was a misconception; that the faith they taught was in its essence necessarily incomprehensible to their pupils, does not affect the earnestness of their characters and the wild interest of their story. They were accomplished scholars; they were often gently nurtured; they had the will of conquerors and the tenacity of fanatics; and they kept the most faithful record of the perilous life they led. The collection of Jesuit *relations* is known to historical scholars as curiously copious and complete. But they are very scarce, and exist in many forms; some still in manuscript. Upon a careful study of these Mr. PARKMAN bases his history, and brings to the narration the sympathy with the primitive life and landscape with which it deals, and the nervous and suggestive style with which the readers of the "Pioneers of France in the New World" are already familiar. Nowhere else do we learn so much of the various aspects of Indian life in its bare details. It is not in itself romantic; it is repulsive. But there is no sharper and clearer contrast any where than that in these pages of the European scholar and the American savage. The lesson is significant and profound. Mr. PARKMAN's history is essential to a proper knowledge of the influences which have affected the life of this continent. Its interest is at once absorbing and painful.

THE HARPERS have just issued "An Elementary Treatise on American Grape Culture and Wine-Making," by PETER B. MEAD, which has all the freshness and charm of every work of an enthusiast and a master. Mr. MEAD is one of the long recognized authorities of the vineyard and the garden, and this work is the fruit of the most varied experience and special accomplishment. With a simplicity and lucidity which leave nothing to be desired, he tells the grape-grower, whether amateur or professional, all that he wishes or needs to know, from the selection of his site to the choice of his vines and their treatment. But he writes not as a gardener but as a man, and one who fully appreciates the value of the grape in the economy of the world. Indeed he writes with the vividness and energy of the reformer. His motto is, "Good grapes for all." He will not have the public poisoned with unripe, sour, tough, fibrous fruit if he can help it. Grapes, he holds, are food, and must therefore be good, ripe, and digestible. Therefore the reader must observe the chapters upon *Taste, When Grapes are Ripe*, and others, in which the mystery of knowing what good fruit is is luminously expounded. Mr. MEAD also believes in good wine—not the wine of the shops, but the wine of the vines; the juice of the grape undoctored, unGallized, untouched except by the maternal finger of Nature herself. His chapter upon this subject has a peculiar interest and value at this time. The illustrations, which are very numerous, are drawn from life and by the most skillful hand, and they are not misnamed, for they actually illustrate the text. Mr. MEAD's work is sure to become an indispensable companion of every body who likes grapes and grows vines.

"The Constitutional Convention; its History, Powers, and Modes of Proceeding," by JOHN ALEXANDER JAMESON, Judge of the Superior Court of Chicago, issued by SCRIBNER & Co., is an elaborate and exhaustive treatise, which discusses with great precision and clearness many political topics of vital importance, upon which it is easier to find rhetoric than right thinking. The questions of sovereignty and of State rights, of the powers of the people and of Conventions, are considered in a candid and thoughtful spirit; and these discussions, with the interesting historical details, make a volume of permanent interest and value to every American.

"E Pluribus Unum; the Articles of Confederation against the Constitution," is a small neat volume by L. BRADFORD PRINCE, LL.B., published by PUTNAM & SON. It was the prize essay of 1866 in the Department of Political Science in the Columbia College Law School; and, after careful examination, we can heartily commend it as a timely, accurate, and admirable statement of "the origin, reason of adoption, and general effect of the distinguishing provisions of our Constitution."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

A RIOT occurred in Brownsville, Tennessee, on May 13, during the holding of a white and black convention of radicals, in which three negroes and two whites were shot.

A case is before the Supreme Court of the United States which involves the question whether Texas is a State in the Union or not. A motion is made by the State to have an injunction issue from the court restraining certain parties forming the rebel Military Board of the State during the war from paying certain State bonds to parties who claim them as consideration for certain articles contraband of war.

Judge Marvin, of Florida, late Provisional Governor, and the present Senator elect, is of opinion that the majority of the old citizens of the South would prefer always to live under military rule, and without representation in Congress, rather than to come back into the Union with the disabilities imposed and with universal suffrage; and he thinks the peace of society there is better preserved by authority of military commanders than it ever will be by the civil authorities.

The Mississippi Injunction case was finally dismissed by the Supreme Court on May 16.

Judge Kelley addressed a large crowd composed about equally of whites and blacks, at Montgomery, Alabama, on Saturday—his remarks being confined almost exclusively to a contrast between the two sections in favor of the North, from which he inferred that the institution of slavery and the prejudices of the Southern whites had been the incubus upon the Southern section. He was listened to attentively and frequently cheered.

NEWS ITEMS.

President Johnson took a walk through the streets of Washington on May 15 unaccompanied by a guard, for the first time since that practice was inaugurated by President Lincoln.

Hon. George Bancroft was appointed Minister to Prussia, *vice* Wright deceased, on May 17.

The Atlantic cable of 1866 was lately parted by an iceberg off the Newfoundland banks. The break is less than three miles from the Heart's Content Station, and can be easily repaired. The cable of 1865 is still working.

John Wilkes Booth's diary has been published. It is composed almost entirely of expressions glorifying his crime above that of Brutus, and complaining of the ingratitude of the people for whom he had turned assassin.

The census of the United States in 1866, taken by actual count by the Revenue officers, shows an aggregate population in States and Territories of 34,505,382, a gain of 3,062,561 since 1860.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE CANDIAN WAR.

RECENT military operations in the Island of Crete have resulted in favor of the Candians. Several engagements have taken place since our previous dates, and early in May Omar Pasha's army was disastrously defeated in two pitched battles, in which he lost three thousand men. On the announcement of these successes of the Candians the great powers of Europe again united in a diplomatic request to the Sultan to cede Crete to Greece. The Turk refused, assuring the powers of his ability to suppress the rebellion.

THE WAR IN MEXICO.

The news from Mexico is to April 29. The city was closely besieged by Porfirio Diaz; the water and food supply had been cut off. Maximilian was still at Queretaro, which had not been taken as previously reported. The wife of an aid on Maximilian's staff entered the Liberal camp on April 20 and proposed terms of capitulation, which were refused. On April 27 Maximilian made an attack on General Michoacan and defeated him, but Escobedo's reserves coming up the Imperialists were driven in confusion. The fight lasted six hours. On the receipt of Secretary Seward's message requesting that the life of Maximilian be spared President Juarez gave orders to that effect; but fears were entertained that Escobedo might have the Emperor privately assassinated, and he was therefore relieved, and Corona appointed in his place.

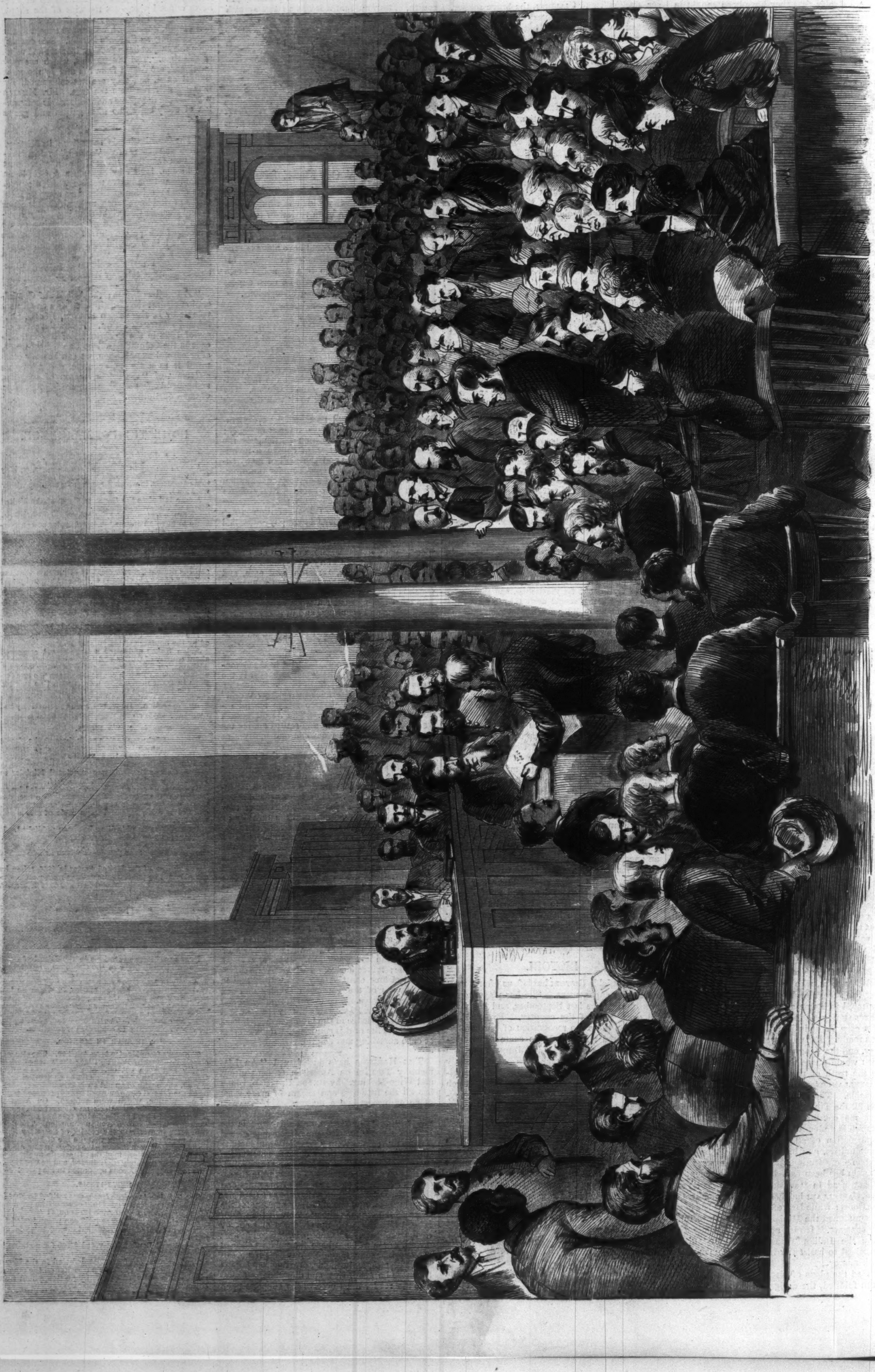
NEWS ITEMS.

The Russian-American treaty was ratified by Russia on May 15, and it now goes into effect on the payment of the money. Russian America is ours!

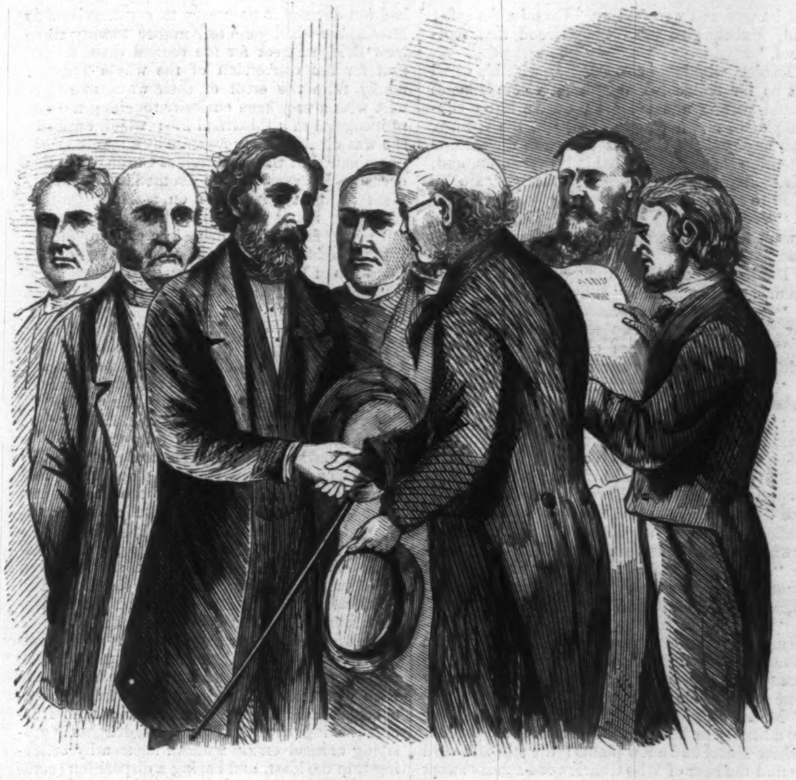
A most important decree has been promulgated by Austria in favor of the Protestant inhabitants of Hungary.

The city of London has voted $2500 for a statue to George Peabody.

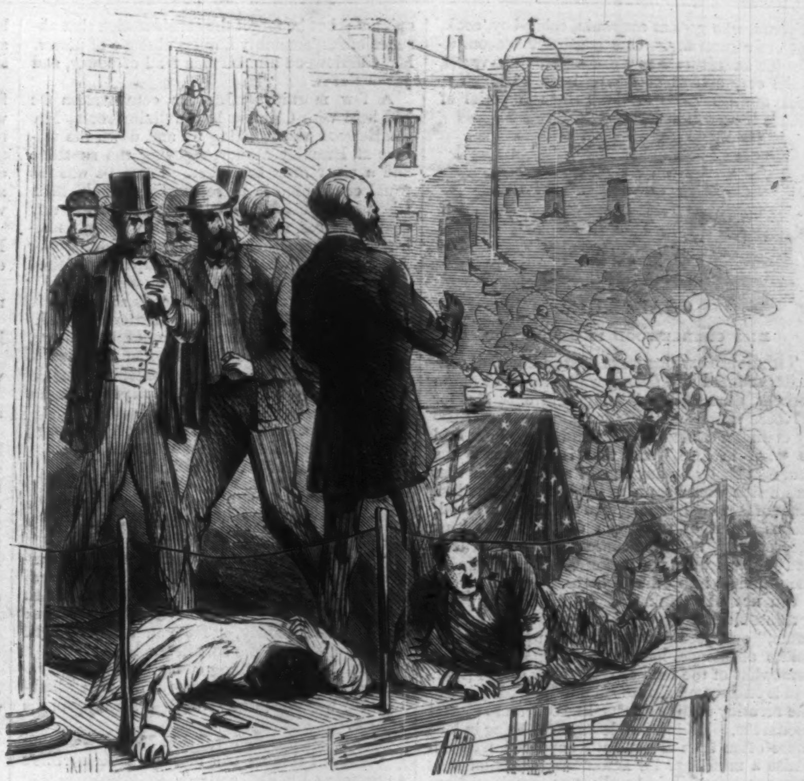
The Derby Government was defeated in the House of Commons, on May 20, on a division on the amendment to the Reform Bill granting a "copyhold franchise."



TRIAL OF JEFF DAVIS, MAY 13, 1867—MR. CHARLES O'CONOR MOVING FOR HIS RELEASE ON BAIL.—[SEE PAGE 338.]



PEACE.
MEETING OF HORACE GREELEY AND JEFF DAVIS AT RICHMOND.



WAR.
REBEL RECEPTION OF JUDGE KELLY IN MOBILE.

PEACE AND WAR.

Two more significant or suggestive pictures could hardly have been presented to our readers than those given above, from sketches by our artists in the South. "Peace" is well represented by the engraving of the scene between **JEFF DAVIS** and **HORACE GREELEY** in the court-room at Richmond on the occasion of the signing of the bail bond by the latter for the release of the former. "War" is delineated by the picture showing the reception of Judge **KELLEY**, of Pennsylvania, in the city of Mobile, Alabama, where, at the moment **DAVIS** was being released from imprisonment by the Government, Judge **KELLEY** was mobbed and *imprisoned* in his hotel by the unreconstructed rebels. **DAVIS** was permitted to pass unmolested from prison through the chief city of the North; Senator **WILSON** has met with frequent interruptions, and his more luckless friend, Judge **KELLEY**, has been mobbed.

RIOT AT RICHMOND.

A SEVERE fight took place between the police and negroes of Richmond, Virginia, on May 11. The origin of the affray is not known. Four policemen were badly beaten and one severely injured. Mounted soldiers subsequently cleared the streets of all rioters and arrested eighteen of the negroes. Our engraving represents the scene at the corner of Broad and Seventh streets at the time the soldiers dispersed the crowd. The negro citizens were much excited during the night after these occurrences and on the following day; a bitter feeling prevailing against the police, who are former rebel soldiers appointed by the Mayor, who is also an unreconstructed rebel. Judge **UNDERWOOD** and **HORACE GREELEY** made speeches to the negroes at the African Church, on the night of May 12, counseling them not to engage in a riot, and thus the peace was restored, and quiet again prevailed.

ANOTHER OCEAN EXPERIMENT.

THERE appears to be prevalent at this time a monomania for sea voyages in small vessels. The experiments of the "Red, White, and Blue" and the ocean yachts are to be followed up by that of an adventurous seaman of Baltimore, who proposes to sail from that port to Havre, France, in a wooden boat of *two tons burden*, twenty-four and a half feet long, with two feet four inches depth of hold, and seven feet beam. Of this, the smallest vessel ever built for sea service, we give a picture on page 349, and also portraits of the Captain, **CHARLES W. GOLD**, and his crew—the latter consisting of **EDMUND MURPHY**, a lad of

RIOT IN RICHMOND, MAY 11, 1867.—THE SOLDIERS DISPERSING THE MOB.

16 years, who goes as coxswain, cabin-boy, cook, and crew generally. One gentleman accompanies the adventurers as a passenger. The vessel, if she ever arrives at Havre, is to be taken to Paris and presented to the Prince Imperial of France if he will accept.

MABEL'S PROGRESS.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

Book I.

CHAPTER IX.

MISS CHARLEWOOD IS DIPLOMATIC.

THERE are various ways of attaining that condition of mind and feeling which is, by common consent, described as "being in love." But for all these various methods one phrase serves—also by common consent. Men and women are said to "fall in love," and that is all; but is the process usually by any means so sudden as that expression would seem to imply? The modern sense of mankind, among men of European blood, makes the right to govern dependent, at least theoretically, upon the consent of the governed; and perhaps we have unconsciously introduced the principle into other spheres. At all events, I can not but think that the blind god, whose "thrasonical brag of I came, saw, and overcame," our forefathers submitted to with an absolute obedience, has in these latter days lost somewhat of the halo of tyranny by divine right, and is often compelled to submit his credentials to the scrutiny of his subjects, like other and mortal monarchs. I think people can help being in love more often than is generally supposed, n'en déplaise à messieurs les amoureux, and that men may not only fall, but walk, trot, amble, gallop, and even lounge, into love. That they can be contradicted into it, I take to be beyond controversy. Nor can the spirit which protests against a prohibition it deems unjust be considered an unreasonably rebellious one. The more Clement Charlewood pondered on his father's words respecting Mabel Earnshaw, the less his heart and conscience could agree with them or accept them as justly binding on his conduct. Supposing (he always put the case mentally as being a most improbable hypothesis)—supposing he *had* been inclined to admire and to—to—well, for the sake of argument say, to love—Miss Earnshaw. Was there any thing in their respective positions which should reasonably make such a love improper or unwise? In every particular save money, Mabel, it seemed to him, had the best of it. The Hammerham world knew, or might know, that his grandfather was an Irish bricklayer. Mabel came of people in the upper half of the middle class—Mrs. Saxelby's father having been a country clergyman, and Mabel's own father a professor of chemistry, of some scientific reputation. Mabel was young, comely, clever, and a lady. (Clement sternly kept the list of her qualities down to the barest and most indisputable matters of fact.) And though the great firm of Gandry, Charlewood, & Son was rich and prosperous, there were risks as well as successes; losses as well as profits; and Clement, as a junior partner with a very small share in the concern, had yet his way to make in the world. Mabel was nearly seventeen; Clement was turned seven-and-twenty. In age, at all events, there was no inconvenient disparity. When he compared her mentally with the girls he knew, she came quite triumphantly out of the ordeal. She was superior to his sister Augusta in intellect, to Penelope in beauty and sweetness, to the Misses Fluke in every thing. Not one of the Hammerham young ladies who frequented Bramley Manor had, Clement assured himself, Mabel's quiet grace and unobtrusive self-possession. He had seen her in her own home, and knew her to be affectionate and unselfish. What reasonable objection could his parents have to make against their son marrying such a girl as this? Surely, surely, Mabel would be the very pearl of daughters-in-law—one to be sought for diligently, and rejoiced over when found! "But as it is," said Clement, bringing his meditations to a close, "it is just as well that I have never taken it into my head to think of making love to her, though if I had the least suspicion that she cared a straw about me—but that's all nonsense, of course; it is the *principle* of the thing that I am contending for."

Mabel, on her side, was innocent of such day-dreams, either on principle or otherwise. I do not mean to say that she had no ideal hero floating in her brain whom she was one day to love and marry. But it was all very vague and distant. Mabel was free from coquetry, and had none of that morbid craving for admiration no matter from whom, which makes some girls so ready to fall in love, and to be fallen in love with, on the smallest provocation. Certain it is that she had never thought of Clement Charlewood in the light of a possible suitor, and that she would have been immensely surprised to learn that his marrying or not marrying her had formed a subject of discussion between him and his father. Her pride would have instantly taken alarm at any suggestion of the kind.

Now it was a shrewd knowledge of this feature in Mabel's character that led Miss Penelope Charlewood to undertake the diplomatic mission referred to in the heading of the present chapter. Mr. Charlewood had a high idea of his eldest daughter's good sense and practical abilities, and was in the habit of discussing family matters with her very confidentially. On business Mr. Charlewood never spoke to his "women folk," as he called them. "I earn the money, and they spend it," said he, "and I think they can't complain of *that* division of labor." Which sounded very magnanimous in Mr. Charlewood's opinion; but he forgot the consideration that absence of responsibility implies absence of power. Mr. Charlewood himself was fond of power, and jealous of it.

A few mornings after the conversation he had held with Clement in the dining-room, Mr. Charlewood was walking up and down the terrace at Bramley Manor, enjoying the sunshine and a cigar after breakfast. Penelope was his usual companion in these morning strolls, Mrs. Charlewood being averse to walking under any circumstances, and Augusta eschewing any tête-à-tête with her father as much as possible. "For I never know what to say to papa," professed Miss Augusta.

"You don't really think there's any thing in it, Penny, do you?" said Mr. Charlewood. His meaning, literally rendered, would have been, "You don't suppose your brother Clement is such an egregious fool as to contemplate making a girl his wife who has not a penny in the world?"

"No, papa—nothing serious, that is to say; but I scarcely think I would have said any thing to Clement about it if I had been you."

"Why?"

"Why, papa, Clem won't bear too tight a hand, you know; you can't ride him with a curb."

"There was no talk of curbs, Penny; I simply expressed my opinion." Mr. Charlewood, having reached the end of the terrace, turned and paced to its opposite extremity in silence; then he said, slowly, "Do you think the girl has any notion of the sort in her head?"

"Oh, she'd be willing enough, no doubt," returned Penelope; but it may be doubted whether there was not more spite than sincerity in the speech.

"It won't do, Penny," said Mr. Charlewood.

"Papa, I think I can manage Mabel. She's as proud as Lucifer, and—"

"Proud, is she?" said Mr. Charlewood, raising his eyebrows.

"Preposterously proud. Mind, I like Mabel. She has salt and savor, and is worth a thousand everyday misses; but I don't want her for a sister-in-law. Now, if she had a hint neatly given her that Clement's family did not covet the honor of her alliance, she would fly off instantly into some exalted region, and treat Clem coldly the very next time she saw him.

"Do you think so, Penny?" said her father, doubtfully. To him it appeared incredible that any girl should willingly relinquish such a chance.

"Yes, papa; I really do think so." And then it was agreed between father and daughter, before they parted, that Penelope should act in the matter as she thought best.

Accordingly, next day Miss Charlewood told her mother that she thought it would be kind to make a personal visit of inquiry at Jessamine Cottage, and suggested that their afternoon drive should be taken in that direction.

To Mrs. Charlewood a suggestion of her eldest daughter's came almost in the light of a command. Penelope had contrived to make herself considerably feared in the household, and her mother was perhaps more in awe of her than any one else.

"I sha'n't go," said Augusta. "I hate going to people's houses when there's sickness. You don't care a bit. I wish I was as unfeeling as you, Penny."

"So do your friends, I dare say," replied Penelope.

Miss Charlewood had taken care not to give her mother any hint of the errand she was bound on. "Mamma would say either too much or too little; and Mabel would be far too clever for her. We must keep mamma in the dark." This had been Miss Charlewood's decision as expressed to her father.

On their arrival at Jessamine Cottage the ladies were informed that Mr. Saxelby was out, but that Mrs. Saxelby and Miss Mabel were at home.

"Out?" said Mrs. Charlewood to the servant-maid, raising two fat hands which were tightly compressed into bright yellow gloves: "Out? You must be mistaken. I thought he was too ill to leave the 'ouse."

"Master has been bad, ma'am, but he's been mending rapid these last two or three days; and to-day he is gone to the office for an hour or so."

"I am very glad to hear it," said Miss Charlewood; "we will see the ladies, if we may."

The visitors were ushered into the morning-room, and found Mrs. Saxelby and Mabel at work there. The former rose somewhat in a flutter to greet her guests. She knew herself to be a better bred, better educated, and more intelligent woman than the rich contractor's wife, and yet she could never repress a feeling of timidity in Mrs. Charlewood's presence. Not that the latter intended to be arrogant or insolent, neither was she loud in talk or captious in temper; but Mrs. Saxelby was meek and weak, and Mrs. Charlewood's rustling satins and sweeping velvets—nay, even her very size, and the way in which her garments seemed to overflow the little sitting-room—oppressed Mrs. Saxelby with a sense of her own comparative insignificance.

Mabel, however, took the satins and velvets with perfect composure, and welcomed Mrs. Charlewood and Penelope in a thoroughly unembarrassed manner.

"What is this I 'ear, my dear? Your 'usband is out? We came expecting to find him ill in bed," said Mrs. Charlewood, panting into the room with a languishing air that five-and-twenty years ago had seemed to indicate fragile delicacy, but which now rather suggested apoplexy.

"Thank you very much for coming, dear Mrs. Charlewood. I'm glad to say Benjamin is wonderfully better—in fact, almost well. He persisted that he would take a cab and drive down to the office to-day. I'm afraid it's rather soon; but he was well wrapped up. Do take the sofa; and, Mabel, give Mrs. Charlewood that footstool."

Dooley, who had been standing with his small fist as far inside his mouth as circumstances would permit, and his brow drawn into a contemplative frown closely observing the visitors, now appeared to think it time that the general attention should be diverted in his direction, and, advancing to Penelope, said, gravely, "Do 'oo want to know how I do?"

"Very much indeed, Dooley. It's the thing I want to know more particularly than any thing else."

Dooley surveyed her thoughtfully for a moment, and then asked, "Why?"

"Because I'm uncommonly fond of you, Dooley. You're my little sweet-heart, ain't you?"

"No. I ain't fond of 'oo," returned Dooley, with uncompromising frankness.

"You rude little boy!" said his mother. "I'm ashamed of you."

"For goodness' sake don't scold him, Mrs. Saxelby," returned Penelope, who was no whit offended by Dooley's candor. "It is so wonderfully refreshing to hear any thing one can thoroughly believe. Mabel, would you mind letting me look at your ferns? I'm so stupid or so impatient that mine all die, and I won't hear of letting the gardener touch them."

"You can see what I have; but they are poor enough. Why not let the gardener attend to them, Miss Charlewood?"

"Why not? You're as bad as Dooley. Because, if you must know, they'd begin to thrive under his auspices, and thereby prove my treatment to have been wrong; and I never allow any one to prove me to be wrong."

Mabel and Miss Charlewood walked together to a little glass house at the bottom of the garden, where Mabel had a few plants; the stiff silk cord round the hem of Miss Charlewood's dress swept over the daisies ruthlessly.

"What a lucky creature you are not to have grown-up brothers!" said Penelope, suddenly, when the ferns had been examined.

"Am I? I hope I shall have a grown-up brother some day, bless him!"

"Oh yes; but by that time you'll be out of his reach. He won't be able to bully you. Your husband will have taken that department."

Mabel laughed. "Well," she said, with an arch glance, "I don't think you have much reason to talk of grown-up brothers bullying you."

"I? No; because I don't let any one bully me. I do that myself. But then, you know, I am a Tartar. Now, short of making up their minds to be Tartars, which is not altogether an easy line in life, girls do get bullied by their grown-up brothers. Watty and Augusta had quite a pitched battle the other day about Jane Fluke: papa took Watty's side, and Augusta was reduced to tears—always her last resort."

"About Jane Fluke?" said Mabel, rather surprised at Miss Charlewood's confidence.

"Yes; Jane Fluke is Augusta's latest craze, and Watty hates her. He accused her of coming to the Manor to set her cap at Clement, which is preposterous."

Any one to have heard the frank peal of laughter with which Mabel greeted this announcement would have been quite satisfied as to her being fancy-free with respect to Clement Charlewood.

"What nonsense!" cried she. "Poor Jane! I'm sure she has no idea of such a thing. It is too bad of Walter to be so censorious."

"As to having no idea of such a thing," replied Penelope, dryly, "one can never tell. I should not be apt to accuse Jane Fluke of ideas, in a general way, myself. But, really, girls who are husband-hunting— However, papa made himself a little angry at the suggestion. You know papa is naturally ambitious for Clement."

"I don't suppose he need alarm himself in this case," said Mabel. She felt constrained and uncomfortable; she knew not why. Miss Charlewood's tone was unusual, and Mable had a dim consciousness of some unexpressed meaning lurking under her words.

"No, of course not. Jane Fluke is out of the question. But Clem is a good parti, and there are prettier and brighter girls than Jane Fluke in the world, who might think it worth while to try for him. And then men are such fools! If a woman tickles their vanity she may do almost any thing with them."

"Mr. Charlewood should have some means taken of warning off the young ladies from his son, as they warn off poachers," said Mabel, with quiet disdain. And then the two girls walked side by side silently into the house.

"Why, I thought you had run away with Penelope, Mabel!" said Mrs. Charlewood, when they re-entered the sitting-room.

"No, Mrs. Charlewood, I will not run away with any thing belonging to you," said Mabel.

And Penelope then understood that she had succeeded in her mission.

"I thought Mabel spoke a little short just now, Penny," said Mrs. Charlewood, when they were seated in the carriage on their homeward way.

"Upon my word she is a first-rate girl, is Mabel Earnshaw," was Miss Charlewood's very unexpected reply. "I like her spirit."

Miss Charlewood, having been successful, could afford to admire.

CHAPTER X.

"TANTÆNE ANIMIS CÆLESTIBUS IRÆ."

MISS FLUKE did not fail on the following Saturday to pay another visit to Corda Trescott, according to her promise; and having in the mean while learned from the Charlewoods that Mr. Trescott was employed in the orchestra of the theatre—which fact, it may be remembered, Mabel had not deemed it necessary to communicate to Miss Fluke—had gone to Number Twenty-three New Bridge Street for the second time, full of zeal for the conversion of the whole Trescott family from the error of their ways, and likewise with a very keen curiosity touching the terra incognita of a theatrical life; which curiosity she was determined to appease by a severe cross-examination of the unconscious Corda. On this occasion, however, she was doomed to disappointment on both points; for on reaching Corda's home she found that the child had been taken out by her father for a drive in a cab, supplied—Mrs. Hutchins volunteered to explain—by the liberality of Mr. Clement Charlewood.

"And I must say it credits him greatly," said Mrs. Hutchins.

Miss Fluke had found Mrs. Hutchins and her husband at dinner, but not being troubled with any vain scruples of delicacy, had bade them not disturb themselves, as *she* didn't mind, and would talk to them while they finished their meal. To this polite encouragement Mr. Hutchins, a tall, round-shouldered, dark-visaged man, with a melancholy and saturnine expression of countenance, had responded by carrying his plate, knife, and fork into the wash-house behind the kitchen, and there finished his dinner in solitude without uttering one syllable.

Miss Fluke's self-possession being quite invulnerable as to any such slight hint, she improved the occasion by energetically applying herself to draw what information she could from Mrs. Hutchins. Now that good lady had no cause of complaint against her lodgers, nor any real feeling of dislike toward them. Yet, had it not been for two restraining circumstances, she would have been willing enough to join Miss Fluke in lamentations over their lost condition: Mrs. Hutchins having that cast of mind that delights in gossiping animadversion without necessarily believing it in the least, and having a disposition (compounded of vanity and cowardice) to put herself in a favorable light with any interlocutor by falling in with the prevailing tone of the moment. But I have said that two restraining circumstances prevented Mrs. Hutchins from giving way to the natural bent of her disposition. Of these the first was, that her husband was still within ear-shot; the second was, that Miss Fluke's eyes, making their accustomed tour of inspection round the kitchen, had unfortunately happened to light upon number ninety-seven of Rosalba of Naples, or the Priest, the Page, and the Penitent.

Miss Fluke instantly pounced upon the romance, and dragged it from beneath a dirty tea-tray, whence it had protruded sufficiently to reveal the title and the upper half of a coarse woodcut representing Rosalba poised upon the topmost round of the rope-ladder, with her curls streaming in a high wind, and three ostrich feathers, mysteriously unruffled by the elements, stuck at the back of her head.

"Oh dear, oh dear!" said Miss Fluke, clutching at the number, and holding it aloft before her. "Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear! what is this, Mrs. Hutchins?"

Miss Fluke pronounced her "Oh dears" with a crescendo which had a very terrible effect.

"Well, mum," returned Mrs. Hutchins, bridling, and feeling that she would probably be driven to bay, "that is a *perodical* novel as I'm a-taking in in numbers."

"Ah! But," said Miss Fluke, turning full on the landlady with startling vehemence, "you *shouldn't!* Certainly not. You shouldn't on any account whatever!"

"Well, I'm sure!" muttered Mrs. Hutchins, "I don't see as there's any harm in it. I'm very fond of readin', and allus was, from a child."

"My good soul, that's all very well; but the great question is, *what* do you read? Don't you see? It's of no use to tell me you're fond of reading, because that is no excuse for your feeding on the words of the Devil."

"Laws bless me!" cried Mrs. Hutchins, tossing her head contemptuously; "I'm sure you wouldn't say such nonsense as that if you'd ever read it."

"If I had ever read it!" said Miss Fluke, with a spasmodic movement of her shoulders, and her eyes very wide open. I've no time to read any thing but my Bible. And I find my Bible sufficient."

Miss Fluke in speaking of the Scriptures always said "my Bible," and laid a strong stress on the possessive pronoun.

At this point a smothered voice, issuing from the wash-house, demanded to know "Where the jack-tow'l had got to?"

"My master's a cleanin' of hisself, an' I don't believe as there's a towel there at all," said Mrs. Hutchins, glad of the diversion, and hurrying out of the kitchen.

"Ah! There it is!" murmured Miss Fluke, mentally making Rosalba responsible for the want of cleanliness and order in the household presided over by Mrs. Hutchins. "No jack-towel! That's what drives the laboring man to the public house."

Mr. Hutchins, however, emerging redolent of yellow soap from the wash-house, was apparently only driven on this occasion as far as the work-shop of his employer; for he left the house with his basket of tools over his shoulder, and a square paper cap on the top of his black, matted locks.

His better-half was by this time in no mood to receive Miss Fluke's lecture on the sinfulness of novel reading with a good grace. She made several remarks of a biting and ironical character to the effect that she had always supposed an Englishman's house to be his castle, wherein he might reasonably expect to be safe from the harrying of people who had nothing to do but to mind other people's business and pry into other people's affairs; that this might be styled a religious line of conduct by some persons, but that she, for her part, could find no warrant for it in the instructions she had received in her youth from pious parents and guardians, whose orthodoxy she would defy the most malicious to call in question. She further added that she knew a lady when she saw one, having lived house-maid in good families before taking up with Hutchins. And she more than insinuated that she did *not* see a lady when she saw Miss Fluke.

All these remarks were pointed and emphasized by much clashing and banging of the dinner-things: which Mrs. Hutchins proceeded to wash up in a manner so expressive of indignation as to put the crockery in considerable danger of being dashed to pieces.

Then was Miss Fluke a spectacle to be seen as, standing erect and rigid in the middle of the kitchen, she launched upon Mrs. Hutchins all the thunders of her practiced eloquence.

Miss Fluke braced herself for the combat with positive enjoyment. Totally without one sensitive fibre in her moral composition, and rendered confident by long habit and by the arsenal of Scripture texts from which she could draw at will, and which she flung with pitiless volubility at the head of her adversary—after the fashion of those modern cannon which fire off so many balls per minute—Miss Fluke was a wonderful and overwhelming spectacle as she stood there, square and upright, her face crimson, her eyes staring, and her head shaking with the energy of her emphasis.

Mrs. Hutchins had entirely miscalculated her strength when she ventured to cope with such an enemy as this. She was thoroughly cowed and frightened, and proclaimed her complete discomfiture by subsiding into a whimpering fit of tears.

Miss Fluke looked at her triumphantly. "I will come and talk to you again, Mrs. Hutchins," said she, seizing Mrs. Hutchins's reluctant hand and shaking it violently. "We must be instant, you know, in season and out of season. It would never do for me to look on quietly and see my fellow-creatures go headlong to perdition, Mrs. Hutchins."

The way in which Miss Fluke pronounced the word perdition made Mrs. Hutchins shake in her shoes.

"I'm sure I should never ha' thought nothink of reading a novel," sobbed Mrs. Hutchins. "I've knowed lots of good people do it and think it no sin."

"Ah-h-h! The old Adam, Mrs. Hutchins, the old Adam!"

"Who, mum?" said Mrs. Hutchins, looking up forlornly.

The poor woman presented a very wobegone appearance by this time, having rubbed her eyes with a not over-clean apron, and ruffled her untidy hair until it stood up all over her head like tangled tow, with one scrubby tress sticking out behind at right angles with her comb.

"The sinfulness of our corrupt and fallen nature," explained Miss Fluke. "You should read instead of imbibing that *poison*"—with a terrible glance at Rosalba—"you should read some of those blessed and improving tracts that I left with the child Cordelia. Where are they, Mrs. Hutchins?"

It chanced that Mrs. Hutchins, having been attracted by the prints in Robinson Crusoe, had borrowed the book unknown to Corda, and brought it down to the kitchen, together with several of the penny tracts which had been placed between its pages. She rose meekly to get the tracts from the dresser on which they were lying; but Miss Fluke anticipated her and seized the volume and the tracts together.

"There!" she said, rapidly enumerating their titles. "The Reformed Convict. Sally Smith, the Scullery-maid. The Sinner's Fire-Engine. Have you Taken your own Measure yet? Or the Complete Spiritual Tailor. *There's* reading for you, Mrs. Hutchins!"

Then, opening the volume of Robinson Crusoe, she examined the name written on the title-page.

"What's this?" she exclaimed, with the suddenness which was one of her most marked peculiarities. "'To Mabel, from her affectionate—' Where did you get this, Mrs. Hutchins?"

"A young lady lent it to little Cordelia the other day. Mr. Clement Charlewood, he brought it for her along with two or three more."

"Oh!" said Miss Fluke, intent on the writing on the title-page. "Indeed! The child had far better have read the tracts I left her. I shall scold my young friend," added Miss Fluke, with a grim smile.

Then she violently shook hands again with Mrs. Hutchins and took her leave, with a promise to return as speedily as might be to carry on the good work she had begun that morning. "And," said she to herself, as she stalked, flushed with victory, down New Bridge Street, "it's a special providence for all that household that Mabel Earnshaw took it into her head to visit Cordelia. For, otherwise, *I* might never have gone there."

The account Mrs. Hutchins gave to the Trescotts of her interview with Miss Fluke was inaccurate in several important particulars; but it sufficed to excite a burning indignation in the breast of Alfred. The inaccuracies of which I am obliged to accuse Mrs. Hutchins were mainly the suppression of her own signal defeat and abject submission, and an exaggeration of Miss Fluke's pious horror of the Trescotts' calling in life. These were not only powerful in their action upon Alfred, but Mr. Trescott, too, chafed and fumed, and moved about the kitchen in a state of excitement. Little Corda, who had returned, tired and sleepy, from her drive, was lying on her bed up stairs and had fallen asleep.

"Who the devil do they take us for?" said Alfred, thrusting his hands deep into his pockets and turning to his father.

"What can I do? Can I help it? Is it my fault?" returned Mr. Trescott, irritably.

"Well, yes; it is, partly. You sing so precious small to that snob Mr. Clement Charlewood. Ay, I could put Mr. Clement Charlewood up to a thing or two, high as he holds his head. He ain't the only member of his family with whom I have the honor to be acquainted."

"Law!" exclaimed Mrs. Hutchins, with greedy curiosity; "ain't he? Now which o' th' others do you know, Mr. Alfred?"

The young fellow looked at her cunningly from under his long, handsome eyelashes. "Bless your soul, Mrs. H.," said he, with a grimace compounded of a sneer and a smile, "I know all sorts of people. I tell you what, governor," he added, "I wish you'd take an opportunity of telling Miss Armshaw—Hamshaw—or whatever her name is—that we don't particularly relish or appreciate the society of the amiable lady she brought here to bully poor pussy cat. By George! if I had been at home on the occasion of her first visit I don't think she'd have favored us with a second."

"I don't suppose it was Miss Earnshaw's fault," returned his father, laying a slight stress on the name. "I think she is a lady, every inch of her, from what Corda says."

"She's a remarkably good-looking girl, at all events," said Alfred, with magnificent approval. "And we know *she* can't come the Sunday-school-and-penny-tract style of virtuous horror over us. *That* wouldn't quite do."

Here, catching Mrs. Hutchins's eager gaze fastened on his face, Alfred broke off rather abruptly, and stooped to pick up the volume of Robinson Crusoe which he had thrown on the floor. "There," said he, smoothing the leaves with his hand, "pussy cat has read that, I know. Couldn't you take it back this afternoon when you go to give your lesson in Fitzhenry Road? You might see Miss What's-her-name and say a word to her."

This Mr. Trescott agreed to do, and after dinner set forth with the book in his pocket.

Mr. Trescott's pupil was a young clerk, who had a passion for the violin; and, as his duties occupied him nearly all day, he could only receive his lesson late in the afternoon. It was therefore growing dusk when Mr. Trescott—after enduring with what patience he might an hour of ascending scales played sharp, and descending scales played flat, and the rasping of a very unsteady bow over the tortured strings—arrived at Jessamine Cottage. To his surprise there was no light burning in the hall behind the little glass door. He often passed the house, and knew the punctual shining of the hall lamp well. He rang softly without obtaining any answer, and then again, and then a third time, before any one came. At last a dim light was seen approaching, and the nurse-maid cautiously unfastened the door and peered out. "Who is it?" she said, in a whisper. "What do you want?"

"Could I see the young lady—Miss Earnshaw?" asked Trescott, surprised and uneasy at the girl's manner.

"Oh dear no," returned the servant. "Please to go away. They can't see nobody. We're in sad trouble here."

"Trouble! What's the matter?"

"Why, master died this morning, and missis she's like a lunatic a'most with grief."

"Good God!" cried Trescott, falling back a step or two; "I had no idea of this. I thought he was better."

"Ah! so he were; but he went out too soon, and caught a cold, and got inflammation, and that carried him off in four-and-twenty hours. But I mustn't stay and talk. Missis heerd the bell, and it put her in an awful twitter. I must go."

"Will you take this," said Trescott, handing to the girl the book he had brought, "and give it to the young lady when you have an opportunity, and say I am dreadfully distressed, and wouldn't have intruded for the world if I had known?"

Before he could finish his speech the little servant had taken the volume from his hand and closed the door. He heard her put up the chain, and then the glimmer of her candle disappeared up the staircase.

"Bless me!" said Mr. Trescott, passing his hand over his forehead as he limped away; "it has given me quite a shock. I didn't know any thing of the man; but it's so sudden. Dear me, it's so awfully sudden!"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The "Tenement-house bill," passed by the last Legislature, goes into operation on the 1st of July. If properly enforced, the health and comfort of our citizens will be greatly increased. By the requirements of this bill every tenement or lodging-house must have in every room a proper ventilating passage, communicating with the outer air. Arrangements must be made to prevent the rain from dampening the walls; and proper connection must be maintained between every building and the sewers of the street. The occupation of underground lodging-places is forbidden unless the room is at least seven feet high, thoroughly drained, and properly ventilated. One section of the bill requires the owner or lessee of every tenement-house to whitewash the walls and ceilings at least twice a year, and to have the building thoroughly cleaned as often as may be required by the Board of Health. Various other requirements are made, which will tend to diminish mortality among the more than 500,000 dwellers in tenement-houses which our city contains.

Close bedrooms are perilous to life. The recent tragedy in the Moravian Seminary at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, should be a solemn warning to all, especially to those who, as employers, assume a certain responsibility in regard to their servants. In the case alluded to, eight servant girls occupied one bedroom, 25 feet by 12, with but a single window and door. A flue led from this room to one overhead; but this was usually shut up, or opened only through a stove-pipe connecting with the chimney. The stove was removed a short time ago, but the pipe remained; and through it the poisonous coal-gas was driven down, until one night it killed two of the girls, and seriously injured others. In how many houses in New York city—even among the "brown-stone fronts"—is any proper care taken to provide for the servant-girls a ventilated bedroom?

In the new theatre and museum on Broadway, near Thirtieth Street, particular attention has been given to providing ample arrangements for the safe exit of the audience in case of fire. There are six doors which can be used besides the large double doors at the rear of the stage (twenty-five feet wide) which roll back on castors, and by means of which the house can be emptied in less than five minutes.

The price of certain articles of provisions seems to be increasing every day. Somebody says that beef has never been so high since "the cow jumped over the moon!"

There is certainly some *foul* play in staid old Massachusetts. An exchange says: "A roast chicken which was sent last week to a woman in jail at Boston for liquor-selling was examined by the warden, and a flask of Bourbon was found hidden away in the dressing." We think this is the first case on record—under the new law at least—of a chicken being convicted of selling liquor, and being punished therefor.

A performing monkey, however, was recently brought before the Mayor of Natchez, Mississippi, for violating an ordinance prohibiting the firing of small-arms on the streets. The magistrate compromised the matter by exacting that the performer should restrict himself to snapping caps.

We notice near a respectable-looking shop in Broadway sundry dubious looking objects partially encased in straw, and labeled "*Sunday Comforters.*" They are doubtless *spiritual* comforters, though of the baser sort.

Robberies in the cars continue to be of frequent occurrence. The other evening a gentleman and his wife entered a Broadway car near Twenty-third Street. At the same moment three men hastily crowded on the platform; but after riding half a block all jumped off. The gentleman, after taking his seat, put his hand in his pocket for money to pay his fare, but immediately exclaimed, "My pocket-book is gone!" Yes, and forty dollars with it. The conductor consoled him by saying, "I guess those fellows who jumped off have got it."

We should not allow ourselves to be surprised at any new arrangement which may transpire in this wonderful city of New York. Yet it is convenient for people to *understand* about things. One evening last week a gentleman, intending to leave the city the next morning, called at an express office near Broadway and Twenty-second Street and requested that his trunk should be taken from his house to the cars in the morning. The clerk, or whoever it might be who was in attendance, declined to take the order. "Isn't this an express office?" inquired the gentleman. "Oh yes," replied the clerk, with the utmost *nonchalance*, "but if you want to give an order you must go around to the stables in Thirty-first Street and leave it there!" Handy, very! The gentleman retired, and found near by a less complicated express office.

A person employed in the manufacture of buttons recently stated that upon certain kinds of buttons the *wholesale* dealers made two hundred and fifty per cent.! What retail dealers realize it would be hazardous to say. There must, however, be immense loss in some departments of this business from the constant changes in the style of buttons.

A Massachusetts merchant recently received a telegram from Calcutta, which had been but two days and five hours on its passage. The dispatch cost $500, and had traveled over 13,000 miles.

Not long since a worthy clergyman while waiting at a railroad station received the unexpected gift of $3000, which was quietly handed to him by some unknown person.

A clergyman of New Holstein, Wisconsin, has presented a petition to President Johnson on behalf of a German farmer of that town, who was recently blessed with the addition of a seventh boy to his family. It was stated in the petition that in Germany it is a time-honored custom for the sovereign ruler of the country to allow his name to be entered on the baptismal register as sponsor to the seventh boy born in uninterrupted succession in the same family. Therefore the father desired the President to allow his name to be entered upon the register as one of the sponsors of the newly-born baby. The President has consented.

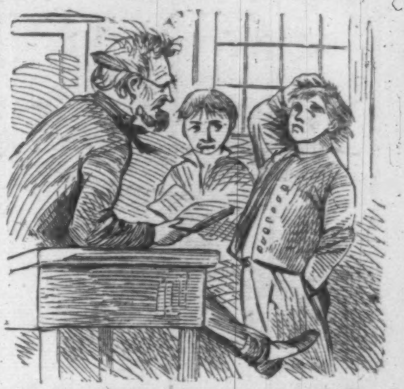
A certain Miss Lloyd, a lady who has considerable property in Wales, has given her tenants "notice to quit," unless the women abandon their crinolines and adopt a more primitive style of dress. Probably she has in her eye some community of farmers whose wives and daughters are guiltless of crinoline, and who are ready to take the places which may be made vacant. Will a clause be inserted in the leases of future tenants to the effect that they must hold themselves ready to be dismissed if their dress does not harmonize with Miss Lloyd's taste?

The following recipe for early rising is given by an aged man who, during a long life, has been in the habit of rising with the lark: "Place a basin of cold water by the side of your bed; when you first awake in the morning dip your hands in the basin and wet your brow, and sleep will not again seal you in its treacherous embrace." A more simple method is to retire early, and at a regular hour, and then to leave your bed the moment you awake of yourself, after daylight. Nature will soon regulate the amount of sleep necessary for the system.

The sewing-machine is likely to have a rival in an invention recently perfected, by which wearing apparel of all kinds—shirts, pantaloons, vests, skirts, ladies' mantles, jackets, coats, etc., etc.—are both woven and sewed at the same time. The sewing of the seams is stronger even than hand sewing and perfectly smooth and even, and the articles are woven and sewed of any pattern, of wool, silk, cotton, or any other material.

The following problem, though nothing new in principle, is nevertheless a mathematical wonder: Deposit a cent in a bank, two cents the next week, four the third, eight the fourth, and so on for fifty-two weeks, and see where you will come out. This is a pretty problem for a few moments' curious figuring, for of course no man in the country can pursue the process indicated for a year. The tenth week would call for $5 12; the twentieth for $5230 08; the thirtieth for $5,355,633 92; the fortieth for $2,824,169,193 28; the fiftieth for $5,784,227,517,838 44; the fifty-second for $23,128,910,071,257 76.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.



Teacher. "Tommy, what does h-a-i-r spell?"
Apt Pupil. "Dunno, Sir."
Teacher. "Why, you numskull, what have you got on your head?"
Apt Pupil. "I dunno, Sir, but I think it bees a flea!"

A passenger by a Lake Superior boat lately sat down at the dinner-table. A waiter thrust a bill of fare into his plate.

"What's that bit ov paper?" said he.

"A bill of fare," responded the darkey.

"A what is it?" said he, getting up and leaving the table. "I've paid me fare, and confound it, if I don't lave the boat before ye git a rid cent more out o' me for the grub."

The genial captain explained the matter, and the passenger went back and "cleaned out" the table.

"Where was John Rogers burned to death?" said the teacher in a commanding voice. "Joshua knows," said a little girl at the foot of the class. "Well," said the teacher, "if Joshua knows he may tell." "In the fire," said Joshua, looking very grave and wise.

A lady fainted a few days since in the cars. A medical gentleman present, who went to her relief, exclaimed, "Has any gentleman a flask of whisky or brandy?" Over thirty pocket-pistols flashed in the air at once.

ECHOES.

Of what has Heaven given us an equal share?—*Air.*
What does a rumor often do when it flies?—*Lies.*
Which is the loveliest flower that grows?—*Rose.*
Whose children are we apt to think the sweetest flowers?—*Ours.*
What in manners is sure to please?—*Ease.*
What will frequently overcome the most austere?—*Tear.*
What loses its flavor when we borrow it?—*Wit.*
What is it that wealth seldom extinguishes?—*Wishes.*
What traits are difficult to exterminate?—*Innate.*
What did Cleopatra to her bosom clasp?—*Asp.*
What enabled Newton the law of the universe to grapple?—*Apple.*
Which letter do we often chew?—*U.*
Which one resembles a tress?—*S.*
Which one is never wry?—*I.*
Which one does a child first know?—*O.*
Which one is embraced in Cæsar?—*E, Sir.*

A cattle-dealer residing out West received pay for a steer which had been sold to a butcher, and, rolling the greenbacks into a small wad, put them into his tobacco-box. Shortly after he extricated, as he thought, a portion of the tobacco, but, with all his mastication, could expectorate none of the savory juices, and finally took his quid out of his mouth to look at it, when he found he had been chewing his roll of greenbacks. He stood aghast for a moment and then burst out: "Cuss the luck! a whole steer at one chaw!"

An old lady, reading an account of a distinguished old lawyer, who was said to be the father of the New York bar, exclaimed: "Poor man! he had a dreadful set of children."

THE BIRD AND THE BELLE.

The fair Pauline went forth one day,
One balmy day in Spring,
When trees with early bloom were gay,
And birds conspired to sing.

A fleecy flock did pasture find
Within a neighboring field,
And, to a flock of feathered kind,
Themselves a pasture yield.

A starling rose from off an ewe,
Perched on the fair Pauline,
And from her chignon, nice and new,
Picked out a gregarine.

A man in this city has got so deep in to debt that not one of his creditors has been able to see him for months.

A clergyman at family devotions was explaining the nature of prayer. His little son, four years of age, eagerly inquired, "Can we ask God for any thing we want?" "Certainly," was the answer. Chancing soon after to pass the child's sleeping-room the father saw him on his knees. Drawing near he was taken aback by hearing the youngster close his petitions thus: "And please, God, make my mother fry me some dough-nuts."

A B C.

Lady. "What are you teaching her, Nurse?"
Nurse. "Letter A, Mum."
Lady. "Then let-her be."
Nurse. "If she doesn't learn it I'll let-her see."

A land speculator, in describing a lake in Cumberland County, Virginia, says it is so clear and so deep that, by looking into it, you can see them making tea in China.

An Old Joe and a New One.—The shoemaker's last.

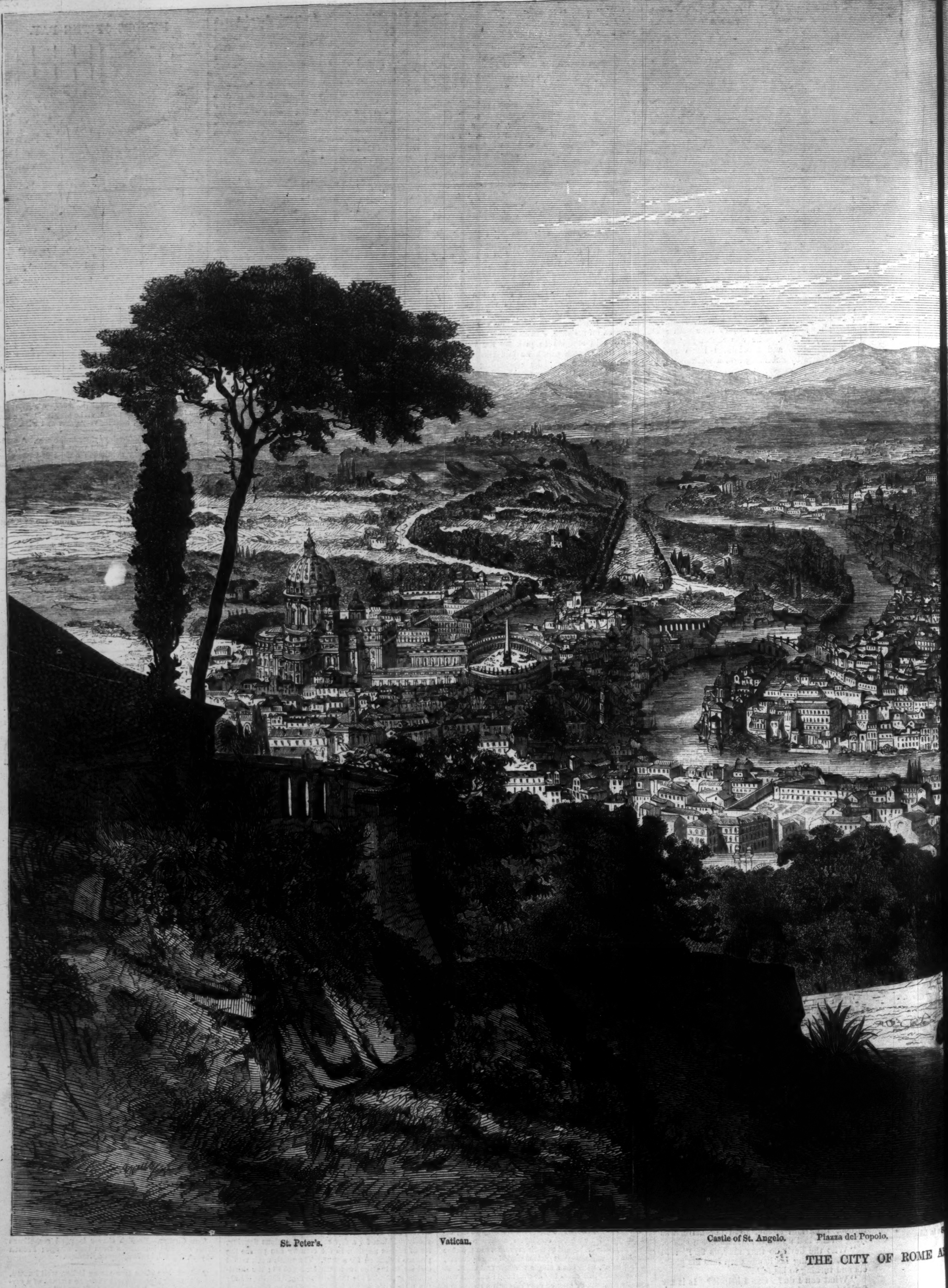
THORNS AND CORNS

Thorns are to the rose protective,
Corns but render toes defective;
Thorns defend by outward sticking,
Corns offend by inward pricking;
Thorns make beauty so disdainful,
Corns make toes so very painful;
For thorns and corns I see no use,
I wish they both were at the deuce.

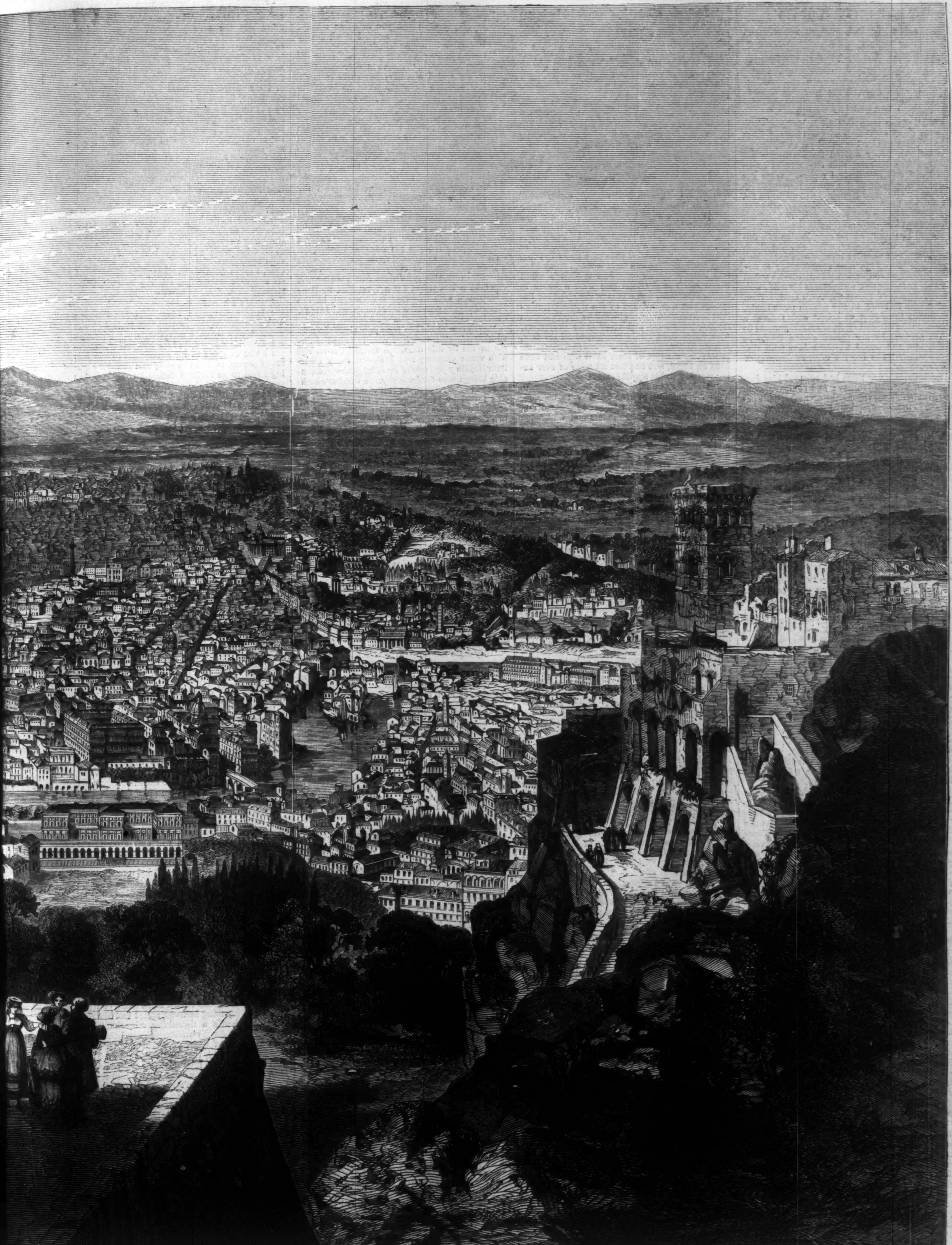
An Appropriate Epitaph.—"His *pill*-grimage is over," as the druggist's widow said when she ordered an epitaph for his tombstone.

The Cheese.—English cheese is good sometimes from age, and sometimes from lack of age; French cheese, if good, is always good *fromage*.

A short time since two young ladies, well known, were holding high converse over the virtues of a certain new dress. "And does it fit well?" asked one. "Fit? as if I'd been melted and poured in."


St. Peter's.
Vatican.
Castle of St. Angelo.
Piazza del Popolo.

THE CITY OF ROME A


n in Lateran.
Pantheon.
Capitol.
Coliseum.

T IS.—[See Page 350.]

BIRDS OF PREY.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

Book VI.—The Heiress of the Haygarths.

CHAPTER I.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Of all places upon this earth, perhaps, there is none more obnoxious to the civilized mind than London in October; and yet to Valentine Hawkehurst, newly arrived from Ullerton per Northwestern Railway, that city seemed as an enchanted and paradisaical region. Were not the western suburbs of that murky metropolis inhabited by Charlotte Halliday, and might he not hope to see her?

He did hope for that enjoyment. He had felt something more than hope while speeding Londonward by that delightful combination of a liberal railway management, a fast and yet cheap train. He had beguiled himself with a delicious certainty. Early the next morning—or at any rate as early as civilization permitted—he would hie him to Bayswater, and present himself at the neat iron gate of Philip Sheldon's Gothic villa. *She* would be there, in the garden most likely, his divine Charlotte, so bright and radiant a creature that the dull October morning would be made glorious by her presence—she would be there, and she would welcome him with that smile which made her the most enchanting of women.

Such thoughts as these had engaged him during his homeward journey; and compared with the delight of such visions, the perusal of daily papers, and the consumption of sandwiches, whereby other passengers beguiled their transit, seemed a poor amusement. But, arrived in the dingy streets, and walking toward Chelsea under a drizzling rain, the bright picture began to grow dim. Was it not more than likely that Charlotte would be absent from London at this dismal season? Was it not very probable that Philip Sheldon would give him the cold shoulder?

With these gloomy contingencies before him Mr. Hawkehurst tried to shut Miss Halliday's image altogether out of his mind, and to contemplate the more practical aspect of his affairs.

"I wonder whether that scoundrel Paget has come back to London?" he thought. "What am I to say to him if he has? If I own to having seen him in Ullerton, I shall lay myself open to being questioned by him as to my own business in that locality. Perhaps my wisest plan would be to say nothing, and hear his own account of himself. I fully believe he saw me on the platform that night when we passed each other without speaking."

Horatio Paget was at home when his protégé arrived. He was seated by his fireside in all the domestic respectability of a dressing-gown and slippers, with an evening paper on his knee, a slim smoke-colored bottle at his elbow, and the mildest of cigars between his lips, when the traveler, weary and weather-stained, entered the lodging-house drawing-room.

Captain Paget received his friend very graciously, only murmuring some faint deprecation of the young man's reeking over-coat, with just such a look of gentlemanly alarm as the lamented Brummel may have felt when ushered into the presence of a "damp stranger."

"And so you've come back at last," said the Captain, "from Dorking?" He made a little pause here, and looked at his friend with a malicious sparkle in his eyes. "And how was the old aunt? Likely to cut up for any considerable amount, eh? It could only be with a view to that cutting-up process that you could consent to isolate yourself in such a place as Dorking. How did you find things?"

"Oh, I don't know, I'm sure, Mr. Hawkehurst answered, rather impatiently, for his worst suspicions were confirmed by his patron's manner; "I only know I found it tiresome work enough."

"Ah, to be sure! elderly people always are tiresome, especially when they are unacquainted with the world. There is a perennial youth about men and women of the world. The sentimental twaddle people talk of the freshness and purity of a mind unsullied by communion with the world is the shallowest nonsense. Your Madame du Deffand at eighty and your Horace Walpole at sixty are as lively as a girl and boy. Your octogenarian Voltaire is the most agreeable creature in existence. But take Cymon and Daphne from their flocks and herds and pastoral valleys in their old age, and see what senile bores and quavering imbeciles you would find them. Yes, I have no doubt you found your Dorking aunt a nuisance. Take off your wet over-coat and put it out of the room, and then ring for some hot water. You'll find that cognac very fine. Won't you have a cigar?"

The Captain extended his russia-leather case with the blandest smile. It was a very handsome case. Captain Paget was a man who could descend into some unknown depths of the social ocean in the last stage of shabbiness, and who, while his acquaintance were congratulating themselves upon the fact of his permanent disappearance, would start up suddenly in an unexpected place, provided with every necessity and luxury of civilized life, from a wardrobe by Poole to the last fashionable absurdity in the shape of a cigar-case.

Never had Valentine Hawkehurst found his patron more agreeably disposed than he seemed to be this evening, and never had he felt more inclined to suspect him.

"And what have you been doing while I have been away?" the young man asked presently. "Any more promoting work?"

"Well, yes, a little bit of provincial business; a life-and-fire on a novel principle; a really good thing, if we can only find men with perception enough to see its merits, and pluck enough to hazard their capital. But promoting in the provinces is very dull work. I've been to two or three towns in the midland districts—Beauport, Mudborough, and Ullerton—and have found the same stagnation every where."

Nothing could be more perfect than the semblance of unconscious innocence with which the Captain gave this account of himself: whether he was playing a part, or whether he was telling the entire truth, was a question which even a cleverer man than Valentine Hawkehurst might have found himself unable to answer.

The two men sat till late, smoking and talking; but to-night Valentine found the conversation of his "guide, philosopher, and friend" strangely distasteful to him. That cynical manner of looking at life, which not long ago had seemed to him the only manner compatible with wisdom and experience, now grated harshly upon those finer senses which had been awakened in the quiet contemplative existence he had of late been leading. He had been wont to enjoy Captain Paget's savage bitterness against a world which had not provided him with a house in Carlton Gardens, and a seat in the Cabinet; but to-night he was revolted by the noble Horatio's tone and manner. Those malicious sneers against respectable people and respectable prejudices, with which the Captain interlarded all his talk, seemed to have a ghastly grimness in their mirth. It was like the talk of some devil who had once been an angel, and had lost all hope of ever being restored to his angelic status.

"To believe in nothing, to respect nothing, to hope for nothing, to fear nothing, to consider life as so many years in which to scheme and lie for the sake of good dinners and well-made coats—surely there can be no state of misery more complete, no degradation more consummate," thought the young man, as he sat by the fireside smoking and listening dreamily to his companion. "Better to be Mrs. Rebecca Haygarth, narrow-minded and egotistical, but always looking beyond her narrow life to some dimly-comprehended future."

He was glad to escape at last from the Captain's society, to retire to his own small chamber, where he slept soundly enough after the day's fatigues, and dreamed of the Haygarths and Charlotte Halliday.

He was up early the next morning; but, on descending to the sitting-room, he found his patron toasting his *Times* before a cheerful fire; while his gold hunting-watch stood open on the breakfast-table, and a couple of new-laid eggs made a pleasant wabbling noise in a small sauce-pan upon the hob.

"You don't care for eggs, I know, Val," said the Captain, as he took the sauce-pan from the hob.

He had heard the young man object to an egg of French extraction too long severed from its native land; but he knew very well that for rural delicacies from a reliable dairyman, at two-pence apiece, Mr. Hawkehurst had no particular antipathy. Even in so small a matter as a new-laid egg the Captain knew how to protect his own interest.

"There's some of that Italian sausage you're so fond of, dear boy," he said, politely, pointing to a heel of some grayish horny-looking compound. "Thanks; I'll pour out the coffee; there's a knack in these things; half the clearness of the coffee depends on the way in which it's poured out, you see."

And with this assurance Captain Paget filled his own large breakfast cup with a careful hand and a tender solemnity of countenance. If he was a trifle less considerate in pouring out the second cup, and if some "grounds" mingled with the second portion, Valentine Hawkehurst was unconscious of the fact.

"Do try that Italian sausage," said the Captain, as he discussed his second egg, after peeling the most attractive crusts from the French rolls, and pushing the crumb to his protégé.

"No, thank you; it looks rather like what your shop-people call an old housekeeper; besides, there's a little too much garlic in those compositions for my taste."

"Your taste has grown fastidious," said the Captain; "one would think you were going to call upon some ladies this morning."

"There are not many ladies on my visiting list. Oh, by-the-way, how's Diana? Have you seen her lately?"

"No," answered the Captain, promptly. "I only returned from my provincial tour a day or two ago, and have had no time to waste dancing attendance upon her. She's well enough, I've no doubt; and she's uncommonly well off in Sheldon's house, and ought to think herself so."

Having skimmed his newspaper, Captain Paget rose and invested himself in his over-coat. He put on his hat before the glass over the mantle-piece, adjusting the brim above his brows with the thoughtful care that distinguished his performance of all those small duties which he owed to himself.

"And what may *you* be going to do with yourself to-day, Val?" he asked of the young man, who sat nursing his own knee and staring absently at the fire.

"Well, I don't quite know," Mr. Hawkehurst answered, hypocritically; "I think I may go as far as Gray's Inn, and look in upon George Sheldon."

"You'll dine out of doors, I suppose?"

This was a polite way of telling Mr. Hawkehurst that there would be no dinner for him at home.

"I suppose I shall. You know I'm not punctilious on the subject of dinner. Any thing you please—from a banquet at the London Tavern to a ham-sandwich and a glass of ale at four-pence."

"Ah, to be sure; youth is reckless of its gastric juices. I shall find you at home when I come in to-night, I dare say. I think I may dine in the city. *Au plaisir.*"

"I don't know about the pleasure," muttered Mr. Hawkehurst. "You're a very delightful person, my friend Horatio; but there comes a crisis in a man's existence when he begins to feel that he has had enough of you. Poor Diana! what a father!"

He did not waste much time on further consideration of his patron, but set off at once on his way to Gray's Inn. It was too early to call at the Lawn, or he would fain have gone there before seeking George Sheldon's dingy offices. Nor could he very well present himself at the Gothic villa without some excuse for so doing. He went to Gray's Inn therefore; but on his way thither called at a tavern near the Strand, which was the head-quarters of a literary association known as the Ragamuffins. Here he was fortunate enough to meet with an acquaintance in the person of a Ragamuffin in the dramatic-author line, who was reading the morning's criticisms on a rival's piece produced the night before, with a keen enjoyment of every condemnatory sentence. From this gentleman Mr. Hawkehurst obtained a box-ticket for a West-End theatre; and, armed with this mystic document, he felt himself able to present a bold countenance at Mr. Sheldon's door.

"Will she be glad to see me again?" he asked himself. "Pshaw! I dare say she has forgotten me by this time. A fortnight is an age with some women; and I should fancy Charlotte Halliday just one of those bright impressionable beings who forget easily. I wonder whether she is *really* like that 'Molly' whose miniature was found by Mrs. Haygarth in the tulip-leaf escritoire; or was the resemblance between those two faces only a silly fancy of mine?"

Mr. Hawkehurst walked the whole distance from Chelsea to Gray's Inn; and it was mid-day when he presented himself before George Sheldon, whom he found seated at his desk with the elephantine pedigree of the Haygarths open before him, and profoundly absorbed in the contents of a note-book. He looked up from this note-book as Valentine entered, but did not leave off chewing the end of his pencil as he mumbled a welcome to the returning wanderer. It has been seen that neither of the Sheldon brothers were demonstrative men.

After that unceremonious greeting the lawyer continued his perusal of the note-book for some minutes, while Valentine seated himself in a clumsy leather-covered arm-chair by the fireplace.

"Well, young gentleman," Mr. Sheldon exclaimed, as he closed his book with a triumphant snap, "I think *you're* in for a good thing; and you may thank your lucky stars for having thrown you into my path."

"My stars are not remarkable for their luckiness in a general way," answered Mr. Hawkehurst, coolly, for the man had not yet been born from whom he would accept patronage. "I suppose if I'm in for a good thing, you're in for a better thing, my dear George; so you needn't come the benefactor quite so strong for my edification. How did you ferret out the certificate of gray-eyed Molly's espousals?"

George Sheldon contemplated his coadjutor with an admiring stare.

"It has been my privilege to enjoy the society of cool hands, Mr. Hawkehurst; and certainly you are about the coolest of the lot—bar one, as they say in the ring. But that is *ni ci ni là.* I have found the certificate of Matthew Haygarth's marriage, and to my mind the Haygarth succession is as good as ours."

"Ah, those birds in the bush have such splendid plumage! but I'd rather have the modest sparrow in my hand. However, I'm very glad our affairs are marching. How did you discover the marriage-lines?"

"Not without hard labor, I can tell you. Of course my idea of a secret marriage was at the best only a plausible hypothesis; and I hardly dared to hug myself with the hope that it might turn up trumps. My idea was based upon two or three facts, namely, the character of the young man, his long residence in London away from the ken of respectable relatives and friends, and the extraordinary state of the marriage-laws at the period in which our man lived."

"Ah, to be sure! That was a strong point."

"I should rather think it was. I took the trouble to look up the history of Mayfair marriages and Fleet marriages before you started for Ullerton, and I examined all the evidence I could get on that subject. I made myself familiar with the Rev. Alexander Keith of Mayfair, who helped to bring clandestine marriages into vogue among the swells, and with Dr. Gaynham—agreeably nicknamed Bishop of Hell—and more of the same calibre; and the result of my investigations convinced me that in those days a hare-brained young reprobate must have found it rather more difficult to avoid matrimony than to achieve it. He might be married when he was tipsy; he might be married when he was comatose from the effects of a stand-up fight with Mohawks; his name might be assumed by some sportive Benedict of his acquaintance given to practical joking, and he might find himself saddled with a wife he never saw; or if, on the other hand, of an artful and deceptive turn, he might procure a certificate of a marriage that had never taken place—for there were very few friendly offices which the Fleet parsons refused to perform for their clients—for a consideration."

"But how about the legality of a Fleet marriage?"

"There's the rub. Before the New Marriage Act passed in 1753 a Fleet marriage was indissoluble. It was an illegal act, and the parties were punishable; but the Gordian knot was quite as secure as if it had been tied in the most orthodox manner. The great difficulty to my mind was the *onus probandi.* The marriage might have taken place; the marriage might be to all intents and purposes a good marriage; but how produce undeniable proof of such a ceremony, when all ceremonies of the kind were performed with a manifest recklessness and disregard of law? Even if I found an apparently good certificate, how was I to prove that it was not one of those lying certificates of marriages that had never taken place? Again, what kind of registers could posterity expect from these parson-adventurers, very few of whom could spell, and most of whom lived in a chronic state of drunkenness? They married people sometimes by their Christian names alone—very often under assumed names. What consideration had they for heirs-at-law in the future, when under the soothing influence of a gin-bottle in the present? I thought of all these circumstances, and I was half inclined to despair of realizing my idea of an early marriage. I took it for granted that such a secret business would be more likely to have taken place in the precincts of the Fleet than any where else; and having no particular clew, I set to work, in the first place, to examine all available documents relating to such marriages."

"It must have been slow work."

"It *was* slow work," answered Mr. Sheldon with a suppressed groan, that was evoked by the memory of a by-gone martyrdom. "I needn't enter into all the details of the business—the people I had to apply to for permission to see this set of papers, and the signing and counter-signing I had to go through before I could see that set of papers, and the extent of circumlocution and idiocy I had to encounter in a general way before I could complete my investigation. The result was *nil;* and after working like a galley-slave I found myself no better off than before I began my search. Your extracts from Matthew's letters put me on a new track. I concluded therefrom that there had been a marriage, and that the said marriage had been a deliberate act on the part of the young man. I therefore set to work to do what I ought to have done at starting—I hunted in all the parish registers to be found within a certain radius of such and such localities. I began with Clerkenwell, in which neighborhood our friend spent such happy years, according to that pragmatical epistle of Mrs. Rebecca's; but after hunting in all the mouldy old churches within a mile of St. John's Gate, I was no nearer arriving at any record of Matthew Haygarth's existence. So I turned my back upon Clerkenwell, and went southward to the neighborhood of the Marshalsea, where Mistress Molly's father was at one time immured, and whence I thought it very probable Mistress Molly had started on her career as a matron. This time my guess was a lucky one. After hunting the registers of St. Olave's, St. Saviour's, and St. George's, and after the expenditure of more shillings in donations to sextons than I care to remember, I at last lighted on a document which I consider worth three thousand pounds to you—and—a very decent sum of money to me."

"I wonder what color our hair will be when we touch that money?" said Valentine, meditatively. "These sort of cases generally find their way into Chancery Lane, don't they?—that lane which, for some unhappy travelers, has no turning except the one dismal *via* which leads to dusty death. You seem in very good spirits; and I suppose I ought to be elated too. Three thousand pounds would give me a start in life, and enable me to set up in the new character of a respectable rate-paying citizen. But I've a kind of presentiment that this hand of mine will never touch the prize of the victor; or, in plainer English, that no good will ever arise to me or mine out of the reverend intestate's hundred thousand pounds."

"Why, what a dismal-minded croaker you are this morning!" exclaimed George Sheldon with unmitigated disgust; "a regular raven, by Jove! You come to a fellow's office just as matters are beginning to look like success—after ten years' plodding and ten years' disappointment—and you treat him to maudlin howls about the Court of Chancery. This is a new line you've struck out, Hawkehurst, and I can tell you it isn't a pleasant one."

"Well, no, I suppose I oughtn't to say that sort of thing," answered Valentine, in an apologetic tone; "but there are some days in a man's life when there seems to be a black cloud between him and every thing he looks at. I feel like that to-day. There's a tightening sensation about something under my waistcoat—my heart, perhaps—a sense of depression that may be either physical or mental, that I can't get rid of. If a man had walked by my side from Chelsea to Holborn whispering forebodings of evil into my ear at every step, I couldn't have felt more down-hearted than I do."

"What did you eat for breakfast?" asked Mr. Sheldon, impatiently. "A tough beef-steak fried by a lodging-house cook, I dare say—they *will* fry their steaks. Don't inflict the consequences of your indigestible diet upon me. To tell me that there's a black cloud between you and every thing you look at, is only a sentimental way of telling me that you're bilious. Pray be practical, and let us look at things from a business point of view. Here is Appendix A.—a copy of the registry of the marriage of Matthew Haygarth, bachelor, of Clerkenwell, in the county of Middlesex, to Mary Murchison, spinster, of Southwark, in the county of Surrey. And here is Appendix B.—a copy of the registry of the marriage between William Meynell, bachelor, of Smithfield, in the county of Middlesex, to Caroline Mary Haygarth, spinster, of Highgate, in the same county."

"You have found the entry of a second Haygarthian marriage?"

"I have. The C. of Matthew's letters is the

Caroline Mary here indicated, the daughter and heiress of Matthew Haygarth—doubtless christened Caroline after her gracious majesty the consort of George II., and Mary after the Molly whose picture was found in the tulip-leaf bureau. The Meynell certificate was easy enough to find, since the letters told me that Miss C.'s suitor had a father who lived in Aldersgate Street, and a father who approved his son's choice. The Aldersgate citizen had a house of his own, and a more secure social status altogether than that poor, weak, surreptitious Matthew. It was therefore only natural that the marriage should be celebrated in the Meynell mansion. Having considered this, I had only to ransack the registers of a certain number of churches round and about Aldersgate Street in order to find what I wanted; and after about a day and a half of hard labor I did find the invaluable document which places me one generation nearer the present, and on the high-road to the discovery of my heir-at-law. I searched the same registry for children of the aforesaid William and Caroline Mary Meynell, but could find no record of such children, nor any further entry of the name of Meynell. But we must search other registries within access of Aldersgate Street before we give up the idea of finding such entries in that neighborhood."

"And what is to be the next move?"

"The hunting-up of all descendants of this William and Caroline Mary Meynell, wheresoever such descendants are to be found. We are now altogether off the Haygarth and Judson scent, and have to beat a new covert."

"Good!" exclaimed Valentine, more cheerfully. "How is the new covert to be beaten?"

"We must start from Aldersgate Street. Meynell of Aldersgate Street must have been a responsible man, and it will be hard if there is no record of him extant in all the old topographical histories of wards, without and within, which cumber the shelves of your dryasdust libraries. We must hunt up all available books; and when we've got all the information that books can give us, we can go in upon hearsay evidence, which is always the most valuable in these cases."

"That means another encounter with ancient mariners—I beg your pardon—oldest inhabitants," said Valentine, with a despondent yawn. "Well, I suppose that sort of individual is a little less obtuse when he lives within the roar of the great city's thunder than when he vegetates in the dismal outskirts of a manufacturing town. Where am I to find my octogenarian prosers? and when am I to begin my operations upon them?"

"The sooner you begin the better," replied Mr. Sheldon. "I've taken all preliminary steps for you already, and you'll find the business tolerably smooth sailing. I've made a list of certain people who may be worth seeing."

Mr. Sheldon selected a paper from the numerous documents upon the table.

"Here they are," he said: "John Grewter, wholesale stationer, Aldersgate Street; Anthony Sparsfield, carver and gilder, in Barbican. These are, so far as I can ascertain, the two oldest men now trading in Aldersgate Street; and from these men you ought to be able to find out something about old Meynell. I don't anticipate any difficulty about the Meynells, except the possibility that we may find more of them than we want, and have some trouble in shaking them into their places."

"I'll tackle my friend the stationer to-morrow morning," said Valentine.

"You'd better drop in upon him in the afternoon, when the day's business may be pretty well over," returned the prudent Sheldon. "And now all you've got to do, Hawkehurst, is to work with a will, and work on patiently. If you do as well in London as you did at Ullerton, neither you nor I will have any cause to complain. Of course I needn't impress upon you the importance of secrecy."

"No," replied Valentine; "I'm quite alive to that."

He then proceeded to inform George Sheldon of that encounter with Captain Paget on the platform at Ullerton, and of the suspicion that had been awakened in his mind by the sight of the glove in Goodge's parlor.

The lawyer shook his head.

"That idea about the glove was rather far-fetched," he said, thoughtfully; "but I don't like the look of that meeting at the station. My brother Philip is capable of any thing in the way of manœuvring; and I'm not ashamed to confess that I'm no match for him. He was in here one day when I had the Haygarth pedigree spread out on the table, and I know he smelt a rat. We must beware of him, Hawkehurst, and we must work against time if we don't want him to anticipate us."

"I sha'n't let the grass grow under my feet," replied Valentine. "I was really interested in that Haygarthian history: there was a dash of romance about it, you see. I don't feel the same gusto in the Meynell chase, but I dare say I shall begin to get up an interest in it as my investigation proceeds. Shall I call the day after to-morrow and tell you my adventures?"

"I think you had better stick to the old plan, and let me have the result of your work in the form of a diary," answered Sheldon. And with this the two men parted.

It was now half past two o'clock: it would be half past three before Valentine could present himself at the Lawn—a very seasonable hour at which to call upon Mrs. Sheldon with his offering of a box for the new play.

An omnibus conveyed him to Bayswater at a snail's pace, and with more stoppages than ever mortal omnibus was subject to before, as it seemed to that one eager passenger. At last the leafless trees of the Park appeared between the hats and bonnets of Valentine's opposite neighbors. Even those brown leafless trees reminded him of Charlotte. Beneath such umbrage had he parted from her. And now he was going to see the bright young face once more. He had been away from town about a fortnight; but, taken in relation with Miss Halliday, that fortnight seemed half a century.

Chrysanthemums and china asters beautified Mr. Sheldon's neat little garden, and the plate-glass windows of his house shone with all their wonted radiance. It was like the houses one sees framed and glazed in an auctioneer's office—the greenest imaginable grass, the bluest windows, the reddest bricks, the whitest stone. "It is a house that would set my teeth on edge, but for the one sweet creature who lives in it," Valentine thought to himself as he waited at the florid iron gate, which was painted a vivid ultramarine and picked out with gold.

He tried in vain to catch a glimpse of some feminine figure in the small suburban garden. No fluttering scarlet petticoat or coquettish feather revealed the presence of the divinity.

The prim maid-servant informed him that Mrs. Sheldon was at home, and asked if he would please to walk into the drawing-room.

Would he please? Would he not have been pleased to walk into a raging furnace if there had been a chance of meeting Charlotte Halliday amidst the flames? He followed the maid-servant into Mrs. Sheldon's irreproachable apartment, where the show books upon the show table were ranged at the usual mathematically correct distances from one another, and where the speckless looking-glasses and all-pervading French polish imparted a chilly aspect to the chamber. A newly-lighted fire was smouldering in the shining steel grate, and a solitary female figure was seated by the broad Tudor window bending over some needle-work.

It was the figure of Diana Paget, and she was quite alone in the room. Valentine's heart sank a little as he saw this solitary figure, and perceived that it was not the woman he loved.

Diana looked up from her work and recognized the visitor. Her face flushed, but the flush faded very quickly, and Valentine was not conscious of that flattering indication.

"How do you do, Diana?" he said. "Here I am again, you see, like the proverbial bad shilling. I have brought Mrs. Sheldon an order for the Princess's."

"You're very kind; but I don't think she'll care to go. She was complaining of a headache this afternoon."

"Oh, she'll forget all about her headache if she wants to go to the play. She's the sort of little woman who is always ready for a theatre or a concert. Besides, Miss Halliday may like to go, and will easily persuade her mamma.—Whom could she not persuade?" added Mr. Hawkehurst, within himself.

"Miss Halliday is out of town," Diana replied, coldly.

The young man felt as if his heart were suddenly transformed into so much lead, so heavy did it seem to grow. What a foolish thing it seemed that he should be the victim of this fair enslaver!—he, who until lately had fancied himself incapable of any earnest feeling or deep emotion.

"Out of town!" he repeated, with unconcealed disappointment.

"Yes; she has gone on a visit to some relations in Yorkshire. She actually has relations: doesn't that sound strange to you and me?"

Valentine did not notice this rather cynical remark.

"She'll be away ever so long, I suppose?" he said.

"I have no idea how long she may stay there. The people idolize her, I understand. You know it is her privilege to be idolized; and of course they will persuade her to stay as long as they can. You seem disappointed at not seeing her."

"I am very much disappointed," Valentine answered, frankly; "she is a sweet girl."

There was a silence after this. Miss Paget resumed her work with skillful, rapid fingers. She was picking up shining little beads, one by one, on the point of her needle, and transferring them to the canvas stretched upon an embroidery frame before her. It was a kind of work exacting extreme care and precision, and the girl's hand never faltered, though a tempest of passionate feeling agitated her as she worked.

"I am very sorry not to see her," Valentine said presently, "for the sight of her is very dear to me. Why should I try to hide my feelings from you, Diana? We have endured so much misery together that there must be some bond of union between us. To me you have always seemed like a sister, and I have no wish to keep any secret from you, though you receive me so coldly that one would think I had offended you."

"You have not offended me. I thank you for being so frank with me. You would have gained little by an opposite course. I have long known your affection for Charlotte."

"You guessed my secret?"

"I saw what any one could have seen who had taken the trouble to watch you for ten minutes during your visits to this house."

"Was my unhappy state so very conspicuous?" exclaimed Valentine, laughing. "Was I so obviously spooney?—*I* who have so ridiculed any thing in the way of sentiment? You make me blush for my folly, Diana. What is that you are dotting with all those beads?—something very elaborate."

"It is a prie-dieu chair I am working for Mrs. Sheldon. Of course I am bound to do something for my living."

"And so you wear out your eyesight in the working of chairs! Poor girl! it seems hard that your beauty and accomplishments don't find a better market than that. I dare say you will marry some millionaire friend of Mr. Sheldon's one of these days, and I shall hear of your house in Park Lane and three-hundred guinea barouche."

"You are very kind to promise me a millionaire. The circumstances of my existence hitherto have been so peculiarly fortunate that I am justified in expecting such a suitor. My millionaire shall ask you to dinner at my house in Park Lane; and you shall play *écarté* with him, if you like—papa's kind of *écarté*."

"Don't talk of those things, Di," said Mr. Hawkehurst, with something that was almost a shudder; "let us forget that we ever led that kind of life."

"Yes," replied Diana, "let us forget it—if we can."

The bitterness of her tone struck him painfully. He sat for some minutes watching her silently, and pitying her fate. What a sad fate it seemed, and how hopeless! For him there was always some chance of redemption. He could go out into the world and cut his way through the forest of difficulty with the axe of the conqueror. But what could a woman do who found herself in the midst of that dismal forest? She could only sit at the door of her lonesome hut, looking out with weary eyes for the prince who was to come and rescue her. And Valentine remembered how many women there are to whom the prince never comes, and who must needs die and be buried beneath that gloomy umbrage.

"Oh, let us have women doctors, women lawyers, women parsons, women stone-breakers—any thing rather than these dependent creatures who sit in other people's houses working prie-dieu chairs and pining for freedom!" he thought to himself, as he watched the pale, stern face in the chill afternoon light.

"Do leave off working for a few minutes, and talk to me, Di," he said, rather impatiently. "You don't know how painful it is to a man to see a woman absorbed in some piece of needle-work at the very moment when he wants all her sympathy. I am afraid you are not quite happy. Do confide in me, dear, as frankly as I confide in you. Are these people kind to you? Charlotte is, of course. But the elder birds, Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon, are they kind?"

"They are very kind. Mr. Sheldon is not a demonstrative man, as you know; but I am not accustomed to have people in a rapturous state of mind about me or my affairs. He is kinder to me than my father ever was; and I don't see how I can expect more than that. Mrs. Sheldon is extremely kind, in her way—which is rather a feeble way, as you know."

"And Charlotte—?"

"You answered for Charlotte yourself just now. Yes, she is very, very, very good to me; much better than I deserve. I was almost going to quote the collect, and say, 'desire or deserve.'"

"Why should you not desire or deserve her goodness?" asked Valentine.

"Because I am not a lovable kind of person. I am not sympathetic. I know that Charlotte is very fascinating, very charming; but sometimes her very fascination repels me. I think the atmosphere of that horrible swampy district between Lambeth and Battersea, where my childhood was spent, must have soured my disposition."

"No, Diana; you have only learned a bitter way of talking. I know your heart is noble and true. I have seen your suppressed indignation many a time when your father's meannesses have revolted you. Our lives have been very hard, dear; but let us hope for brighter days. I think they must come to us."

"They will never come to me," said Diana.

"You say that with an air of conviction. But why should they not come to you—brighter and better days?"

"I can not tell you that. I can only tell you that they will not come. And do you hope that any good will ever come of your love for Charlotte Halliday—you, who know Mr. Sheldon?"

"I am ready to hope any thing."

"You think that Mr. Sheldon would let his step-daughter marry a penniless man?"

"I may not always be penniless. Besides, Mr. Sheldon has no actual authority over Charlotte."

"But he has moral influence over her. She is very easily influenced."

"I am ready to hope even in spite of Mr. Sheldon's opposing influence. You must not try to crush this one little floweret that has grown up in a barren waste, Diana. It is my prison-flower."

Mrs. Sheldon came into the room as he said this. She was very cordial, very eloquent upon the subject of her headache, and very much inclined to go to the theatre, notwithstanding that ailment, when she heard that Mr. Hawkehurst had been kind enough to bring her a box.

"Diana and I could go," she said, "if we can manage to be in time after our six-o'clock dinner. Mr. Sheldon does not care about theatres. All the pieces tire him. He declares they are all stupid. But then, you see, if one's mind is continually wandering, the cleverest piece must seem stupid," Mrs. Sheldon added, thoughtfully; "and my husband is so very absent-minded."

After some further discussion about the theatre Valentine bade the ladies good-afternoon.

"Won't you stop to see Mr. Sheldon?" asked Georgina; "he is in the library with Captain Paget. You did not know that your papa was here, did you, Diana, my dear? He came in with Mr. Sheldon an hour ago."

"I won't disturb Mr. Sheldon," said Valentine. "I will call again in a few days."

He took leave of the two ladies, and went out into the hall. As he emerged from the drawing-room the door of the library was opened, and he heard Philip Sheldon's voice within, saying:

"—your accuracy with regard to the name of Meynell."

It was the close of a sentence; but the name struck immediately upon Valentine's ear. Meynell—the name which had for him so peculiar an interest.

"Is it only a coincidence," he thought to himself, "or is Horatio Paget on our track?"

And then he argued with himself that his ears might have deceived him, and that the name he had heard might not have been Meynell, but only a name of somewhat similar sound.

It was Captain Paget who had opened the door. He came out into the passage and recognized his protégé. They left the house together; and the Captain was especially gracious.

"We will dine together, Val," he said; but, to his surprise, Mr. Hawkehurst declined the proffered entertainment.

"I'm tired out with a hard day's work," he said, "and should be very bad company; so, if you'll excuse me, I'll go back to Omega Street, and get a chop."

The Captain stared at him in amazement. He could not comprehend the man who could refuse to dine luxuriously at the expense of his fellow-man.

Valentine had of late acquired new prejudices. He no longer cared to enjoy the hospitality of Horatio Paget. In Omega Street the household expenses were shared by the two men. It was a kind of club upon a small scale: and there was no degradation in breaking bread with the elegant Horatio.

To Omega Street Valentine returned this afternoon, there to eat a frugal meal and spend a meditative evening, uncheered by one glimmer of that radiance which more fortunate men know as the light of home.

PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES.

By MISS ANNIE THOMAS,

Author of "Denis Donne," "Walter Goring," "Played Out," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

AN HOUR OF BLISS.

They had all—she, the woman he loved, among the number—spoken of him and his possible occupation so lightly and carelessly down by the lake; and in very truth he had been knowing much bitterness. The shadow of the blow that had fallen was upon him, even when he came down to Haldon; but the blow itself had not descended until this morning, when he read at the breakfast-table that the one company in which he had been well warranted, by most exemplary example, to have trust, had engulfed itself, and all who had faith, or at least money, in it, in unqualified ruin.

Edgar Talbot was not endowed with the *physique* that enables a man to rise up buoyantly under a sense of utter commercial discomfiture. Perhaps the men who can do this are about in the world somewhere, but it has never been my lot to meet them out of print; and as I seek to paint from the life I will tell of that I have seen alone. While his sister and his friends, and, above all, the woman he loved, were down by the lake, "gathering" the odorous roses of love and youth, of idleness and June—while they were doing this, according to their different degrees, Edgar Talbot was going through several phases of well-developed agony and despair.

From the date at which he commenced thinking about life, and the responsibilities of life at all, he had set himself the congenial task of amassing such a fortune as should make his family (that is, himself) important and considerable. In the fulfillment of this resolve he had exercised self-restraint and denial of no mean order for many years. He had rigorously ordered his course, abstaining from much that was harmless because it was not profitable, and from a little that was profitable because it was not harmless, it may be added to his credit. He had held aloof from society, women, wine, and other expensive things; and he had his reward for this abstinence in being well reputed and rich at an age when many of his compeers were being repudiated for being such reprobates as to be compelled to retrench. It had been very well with him, in fact, when he first saw Blanche Lyon. Then he commenced perpetrating a series of mistakes. First, he fell in love with a "tocherless" lass with a long pedigree; then he made resolutions concerning her which he had not the power to keep; and, finally, he played higher than ever for fortune's favors, in order that he might afford such a luxury as Miss Lyon for a wife without cost to his own conscience. And now the end had come!

The end! Such a black, bitter, hard, ruinous end as it was too! He had lost all that was his own, and much that was not his own, and he knew that all would call him a fool, and some might call him a swindler. He had advised others to act as he had done, and the others would not now be slow to remember that he had so advised them. He had impoverished one sister, and left another penniless. He had no hope, reasonable or the reverse, of ever entering upon that exciting career which had been as the breath of life to him. His life, as it would and must be, stretched itself out before him in vivid colors and clearly-cut lines; and he looked at it, and saw it as it was—a life of toil and obscurity—and knew that he must live it. His career—that which is to a man what love is to a woman—was dead, and he stood at its bier knowing that there would be no resuscitation. As this knowledge was driven deeper and deeper into his mind he went through some of the hardest pains of the most horrible Inferno. There was no compensation to him in any probable combination of circumstances that might befall him. Had he been able to realize it at once he would not have accepted the love of the woman for whom he had a passion as part payment for what he had lost.

In one way it was all over with him, and he laid no flattering false unction to his soul on the subject.

Still, devoid as he was of that sort of half-poetic, half-weakly sensibility which makes some gentle-natured people turn tearfully to friendship and love in all troubles that assail them—devoid as he was of this, he did think once or twice, as he wrote responses to the notes of ruin which had sounded in his ears this morning, of Blanche Lyon. He did not tell himself that he should turn from ambition to love—find consolation in her caresses, and an incentive to ignominiously obscure industry in her wifely smiles and womanly satisfaction, with the poor lot he could offer her instead of the rich one he might have offered her. But he told himself that come what would she should be his wife if he could get her. He was a practical man, barren of all poetical feeling to a degree that may or may not be rare, but that at any rate was great. He was also a passionate man, and his passion for Blanche was of the sort that made him feel that any fate which could be endured by him could be endured by her. She came into the consideration of his plans, which may be accepted as a proof that he loved her. Whether that love was selfish or not is a hard question for a third person to answer.

"Talbot looks as if he had had a tight time of it," Frank Bathurst muttered to Lionel when Mr. Talbot came and joined them at the luncheon-table at last; and Lionel, looking at his brother's face, read there that it was even so as Frank said, for the signs of the warfare in which he had been worsted were about him still, visibly about him; even the ladies saw the signs, and were more subdued than the day deserved they should be.

"We're almost by way of being strangers some way or other," Frank Bathurst said, in continuation of the subject, later in the day, when he and Lionel were alone together; "otherwise if any thing is a little off the line it might be righted again; but a fellow doesn't care to broach the business with a reserved man like Talbot."

"I am afraid something is more than a little off the line," Lionel replied. "Edgar is not a man to be beaten by a trifle, and he is beaten now. I'll give him a chance of telling me if he likes by-and-by; but I will not press him."

"Give him to understand that if I can help him, and he does not take my help, it will be a slight on your feeling for and interest in him, for you'll advise him to, Lal, won't you?"

"Advise him what?"

"To let me help him."

"If he is beaten, as I fear, it would be snatching at a straw simply to take such help as you could give him, Frank; however, I shall hear."

He did hear in time, but not that day; there could be no good gained, Edgar Talbot argued, by talking about things before he was compelled to talk about them. Lionel would know quite soon enough that his own £5000 had gone the way of the bulk of his father's property. Trixy would play the cards she held in her hand better while her mind was undisturbed by the knowledge of the utter ruin in which her guardian brother was steeped. As Mr. Talbot thought this he seemed to see light in the darkness. His sister did hold good cards in her hand if she only played them properly. With Frank Bathurst for a brother-in-law he might even yet—

"Do you know what Bathurst has a year?" he asked abruptly of Lionel; and Lionel replied:

"About twelve thousand, I believe," and fell into a reverie on the subject of whether or not it would be shared by Blanche Lyon.

They never sat long over their wine after the ladies had left them in this arcadian Bohemia of Haldon. The daylight was but just dying off the sky when Lionel, followed by Frank Bathurst, came to the two girls in the drawing-room and asked "Which was to reign to-night, moonlight or melody?"

"Put the alternatives more clearly before us, Mr. Talbot," Blanche answered, moving a little nearer to the window, which was open, as she spoke.

"Well, shall we go out on the lawn, or shall we sit by the piano, and hear Trixy and you sing?"

"You won't hear Trixy sing to-night, Lionel," that young lady put in, hurriedly.

"What does Miss Lyon say?"

"The lawn is so much sweeter than my own voice that I am going out to enjoy it," Blanche replied, walking through the window as she spoke. Lionel followed her willingly enough, and so it came to pass that Beatrix found herself alone with Frank Bathurst, or as good as alone, Mrs. Lyon being at the far end of the room fast asleep.

She was very fond of him—so fond of him that she forgave him all his little attentions to Blanche and all his little inattentions to herself, though both were very patent to her—so fond of him that she was ready, ay, ready, to hear the faint sound of encouragement which her own heart offered to herself as she marked that he did not seem very anxious to leave her and follow Blanche. Certainly he did say, "Do you not care for the lawn to-night?" but when she shook her head in the negative, and seated herself on the window-sill, he drew a low chair close opposite to her, and placed himself upon it, and looked quite ready to resume his old fervent admiration for her hair and eyes.

"Why will you not sing to-night?" he began.

"I am not in tune."

"Nor was I quite till I sat down here and looked at you. I am sympathetic, whatever Blanche may say to the contrary. Your low spirits acted on me; and now that you have brightened, I have done the same."

Beatrix felt her brow burning. She was conscious that she had brightened at heart when he planted himself opposite to her, and now it was made manifest by the manner of his gaze at her—a gaze in which there was a little appeal and a good deal of admiring audacity—that she had brightened in the face also. Feeling herself thrown off her guard, it was but natural that she should endeavor to disarm him, as it were. So she spoke of her rival, and spoke injudiciously.

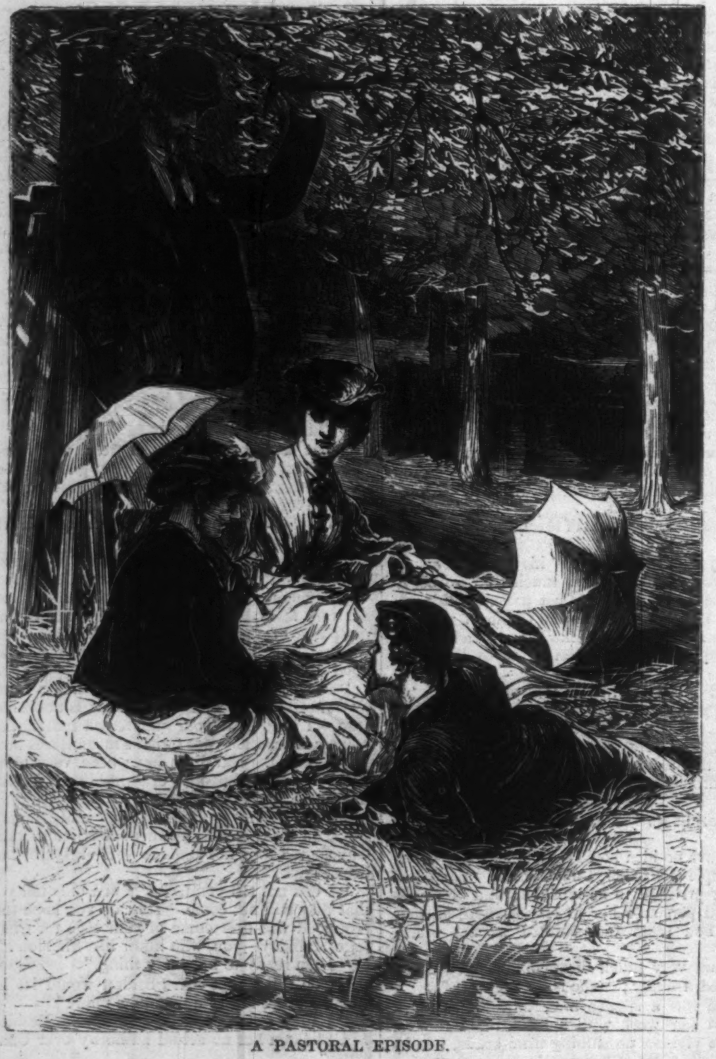
"Miss Lyon cast a spell over you. Have you forgotten it?" she asked, significantly; and he accepted the double meaning, and disappointed poor Trixy by saying, laughingly, with the fresh, frank, outspoken vanity which so eminently characterized him,

"Forgotten it—no, indeed; I have set myself a glorious task, Miss Talbot, to make the prophetess prove the falsity of her own prophecy."

"Glorious, indeed," Trixy answered.

"Shall I find it 'love's labor lost' do you think?" he asked, leaning forward and lowering his voice, and intensely appreciating the graceful bend of Miss Talbot's head as she sat with her cheek resting on her hand before him. It so pleased his taste to have the friendship and companionship and interest of lovely women that he almost felt inclined to take Miss Talbot into his confidence concerning his feelings for Blanche. But he forgot this inclination, or, at any rate, forbore to gratify it, when for answer to his last question Trixy gave a little angry sigh, and covered her eyes with her hand.

He loved beauty, softness, sentiment with all his heart and soul. If Blanche had been before him there would have been a counteracting influence in her brilliant presence; but as it was, the seductive softness of that sweet, reproachful sigh made him forget every thing in the world but Trixy for a time. It was so very much a habit of his to get all he could out of life, to gather every flower, to listen to every sweet sound, to push every pleasant feeling to the verge, and at all times to let his fancies lightly turn to thoughts of love; it was so very much a habit of his to do all these things, that it never occurred to him that he might be playing with fire. So now, in accordance with the dictates of this gay second nature of his, he bent toward Beatrix, and asked her very tenderly if he had annoyed her.



A PASTORAL EPISODE.

"No," she said, "not annoyed me."

"What is it then?" he whispered. "Look up at me and tell me that I have not unwittingly said something that pains you." And then she obeyed him; dropped her hands down, and glanced up at him with her great loving violet eyes. And the beauty worshiper could but look lovingly and earnestly into hers in return, and feel very sorry that the lamp and tea would come in presently, and dispel the soft light and softer sensations—looked at her so lovingly and earnestly, indeed, that she trembled at being so near (as she believed) to the bliss she craved, and so said she would "go and look for Edgar," and made as though she would rise as she spoke.

But he stopped her by putting his hand down on hers, and saying,

"'No, no, stay with me lady while you may,
For life's so sad—this hour's so sweet.'"

Then silence reigned, and as his clasp grew closer she forgot that "life is sad" in the sweetness of that hour.

"What a howling wilderness this will be to Lal and me when you all go!" he said at length, and his speech slackened the spell, and Trixy felt herself able to command her feelings and release her hand.

"Oh, you will get on very well without us," she said, uttering a commonplace truth because it was the easiest thing to utter at the moment. Then the lamp and tea did come in, and Frank sprang up and offered her his arm, and proposed "that they should go and call the others in."

She accepted his proposal with a shy delight that was born of the hope she had that when once he got her into the garden he would forget the nominal object of their being there, and think of her alone. But as soon as they were outside he proved himself to be very much in earnest in the search by giving a series of call whistles, which were soon answered by Lionel. Then they all met, and the two young men sang a German student's song with an hilarious refrain, and romance was over for that night as far as Beatrix and Mr. Bathurst were concerned.

CHAPTER XV.

MISUNDERSTANDING.

There had been nothing definite said either by Lionel Talbot or Miss Lyon during that stroll they had taken about on the lawn. But somehow or other it came to them both to have a great feeling of satisfaction and security about each other and the future before they came in to tea. The strain of the morning was not resumed; nevertheless Blanche could not make any complaint of there being a lack of harmony. For the first time Lionel Talbot spoke to her of his future, assumed that she felt an interest in his hopes and prospects, and "for the first time also," he said, he "began to take an interest in these latter himself."

"I shall never sacrifice the means to the end, or practice my art less worthily for being animated by the hope of mere commercial success attending it," he had said to her, and she had replied,

"I thoroughly believe you. I feel that it will always be impossible for you to seek any reward for the mere sake of the reward; but what has come to you that you should even think of 'success,' Mr. Talbot? I 'don't own you,' as old women say, when you utter such sentiments."

"Do they seem ignoble to you?"

"No, indeed, no; but the others, the ones I heard from you, or rather heard attributed to you, at first were so very different. I thought you were the sort of man to go on working forever, and to be very careless as to whether the work was ever known, or seen, or valued, or paid for, so long as you yourself had the satisfaction of knowing it to be good and true work."

"You must have thought me an unpractical idiot," Lionel said, laughing, "yet, to a certain degree, you judged rightly. I did love my art, with a perfect love that cast out every other consideration than its honor from my mind; now I know another love, and it shall ennoble my art, and my art shall exalt it. Do I still seem inconsistent? do you still refuse 'to own me?' or do you understand me?"

"I think I do—I hope I do," she had answered, hurriedly: and then Frank Bathurst's whistle sounded in their ears, and the talk about the translation of some of Lionel's theories came to an end. But Blanche had heard enough to make her feel sisterly and sympathetic toward Beatrix and Edgar. "Poor Mr. Talbot, he has been by himself, writing letters, all day," she said; "one of us ought to take him a cup of tea, and beguile him back among us. You look tired, Miss Talbot; shall I go?"

She looked for an answer from Lionel, but he gave it quickly, remembering, with a pang, that it was the second time this day that Blanche had remarked on his brother's absence. Was his (Lionel's) claim upon her a vicarious one, after all? Was the interest she expressed for him but the offspring of the regard she felt for Edgar?

"It would be very kind of you to do it—very kind, indeed." Then he held the door open for her, and Blanche sailed away to the library, with a cup of tea in her hand, and the comforting thought in her heart that she was on the way to show a graceful, womanly attention to a man who was much to be pitied here where others were so full of the joy of loving and being loved, in that he seemed to stand outside it all.

It was a specialty of hers to sweep about softly, however fast and freely she walked. Her garments never rustled, nor did her silk dresses go off in crisp cracks as she swiftly moved about. Her step was so light and true, her progress so noiseless, that Edgar Talbot remained unconscious of his solitude being broken in upon until she gained his side and spoke.

"Mr. Talbot, I have brought you some tea, and I am charged with a special commission from the rest to take you back with me."

Then he got up from the chair in which he had been seated with his face bent down toward the ground in intense absorbing thought—got up, and took the cup from her, and then took both her wrists in his hands, and made her face him, which she did, wonderingly.

"You have come to me—will you stay with me?"

"Here? in this room? Oh yes, if I can help you at all."

"You can't help me," he replied, impatiently. The idea of any woman's assistance would have seemed against conceit at the brightest time; at present it seemed a suggestion fraught with the most contemptible folly. Still he was in love with the woman who had made it, so he contented himself with saying, "You can't help me at all:" and then adding, "except by staying with me, and hearing what I have to say. I have bad news for you—very bad news." Then he released one of her hands, and picked up a paper-knife, which he balanced cleverly on his finger, as an aid to eloquence, apparently, for when he had got it into perfect swing he went on, "I have bad news for you. I am not wrong in thinking that the tale of my ruin—of the ruin of all connected with me—will sound harshly in your ears?"

"Harshly! Oh! Mr. Talbot, horribly, horribly!" There was no aversion manifested in the horror she expressed, no falling away from him. Her face grew pale, and her eyes softened, but not unto tears, as she moved back a step under the blow he dealt. Then she gave his hand a good hearty grip—a sort of promissory note of friendship, should he ever need it—and went on. "It would sound so feeble if I told you that I am sorry, and the words would not tell you half that I am; women's words, and ways, and wills are so weak when it comes to the point." Then she paused, out of breath, with sympathy, and the reflection that he had said "all connected with him" shared his misery; and she remembered that it might be hers to have to comfort Lionel; and her heart rose freely to the task.

"Your words are not weak; I shall soon know whether your will is equally strong or not. Many a man situated as I am would try to work on your tenderness by telling you he was a beggar. I do not tell you this, for I never could be a beggar, and I don't like the figure of speech; but the lot I have to offer a woman will be little better than a beggar's in reality—will you share it?"

In very truth, versed as she was in all the signs of men's love, this came upon her as a surprise—a surprise that wounded, shamed, hurt her in some way apparently, for she bowed her head under it in no coquettish fashion.

"I would not have had you say such words for the world," she whispered, presently; "forget them—forget that I have heard them. Oh! Mr. Talbot, you have made me so miserable!—and I have liked you so."

She spoke as one who was bitterly disappointed—as one who had steeled herself to bear ill news, but not such news as this. Edgar Talbot had never realized before that it is possible to put a woman to very painful confusion by proposing to her. He told himself that her cousin, Frank Bathurst, had been in the field before him, and he did, for a minute or two, hate his host very heartily.

"You have seemed to like me," he said.

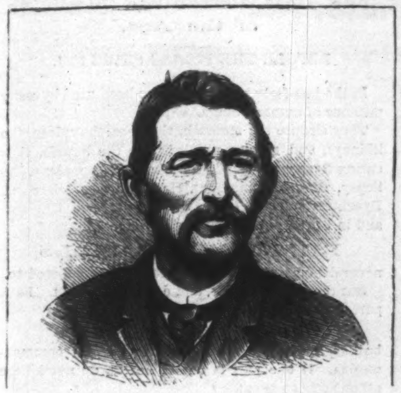
"And I have liked you, and I do like you so much—so very, very much—but not in that way."

"If I had said these words to you down at the Grange, when I knew you first—when I first loved you—your answer would have been different?"

"Yes, it would," she answered, frankly, "for I hadn't the feeling, the liking for you had not come then to give me pain."

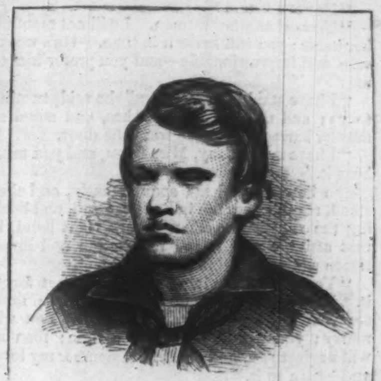
"And I was a rich man then."

"You do not believe what you imply," she said, indignantly. "Ah! my words are weak, indeed, for I feel that if I spoke forever you would not understand me: you do wrong me when you



CHARLES W. GOLD,

Captain of the Smallest Ocean Vessel ever Built.



EDMUND MURPHY,

Seaman of the Smallest Ocean Vessel ever Built.

hint at your change of fortune influencing my feelings about you—you do, but you will never believe it."

She spoke seriously, standing before him with her fingers interlaced and her hands held down low before her. She had been humiliated at first by the feeling of self-reproach which assailed her for not having seen and stopped this before the words were spoken. But now she asked herself why should she suffer delicate scruples on behalf of a man who could misjudge her so meanly as Edgar Talbot was doing? His brother would not have done so; and at the thought of his brother she softened toward him again, and looked up to see if she might obey the womanly instinct to comfort him without being misunderstood.

It is a fact that a woman can not for long think hardly of a man who either tells or shows her that he loves her, however lowly she may rate his regard. "Affection never is wasted," for if it enrich not the giver, it decidedly elevates the recipient in her own estimation, which is a reading of his verse never intended by Longfellow. In this case, though Blanche Lyon was honestly sorry "that it should be so," her sorrow was qualified by a certain pleasurable feeling of increased appreciation for the man who caused it. A woman is always sure to discover a few more commendable or admirable touches in the character of a man who avows that he loves her. So now Blanche remembered all that she knew of Mr. Talbot's best, and looked up and longed to comfort him.

He was standing, still carefully balancing the paper-cutter on his finger, still resolutely making it keep from falling a hair's breadth too much on either side. His present occupation contrasted forcibly with the experiences he had but lately gone through—this was so little, and they were so large. Yet she knew that he was not frivolous. It must be that what he willed to do he would do. And he had willed to love and marry her.

A sudden, irrepressible, intense belief in the magnitude of a man's mind and the strength of a man's will swept across her soul, and her desire to comfort him was merged in a desire that he would not oppose or quell her in any way, or, as she worded it to herself, that "he should let her alone." She felt very nervous before this man, who had offered her marriage and accused her of mercenary motives. If he held to his course, and assumed her past interest in him to have been a sentiment which would have ripened into love had his fortune not changed, where should she be with Lionel when he came to hear of it? She would be regarded as a commonplace, flirting, false, vain, interested creature by Lionel—as one who had angled in every stream for any kind of fish. The dread of being so made her miserable and brave at the same time, and she spoke earnestly and well.

"Mr. Talbot, will you be very merciful in your strength? will you forget what you have said, and let me forget it too, and be a friend to me?"

"That is the trashy cant of school-girls and virtuous heroines in novels," he interrupted, impatiently. And she felt that if she would have her appeal heard she must make it very short.

"Well, then, will you keep this secret, because, if it were known, it would prevent the man I love loving me?"

"By Jove! you're candid."

"I'm more than candid, I'm audacious; and I know it. But I ask it of you; will you keep my secret?"

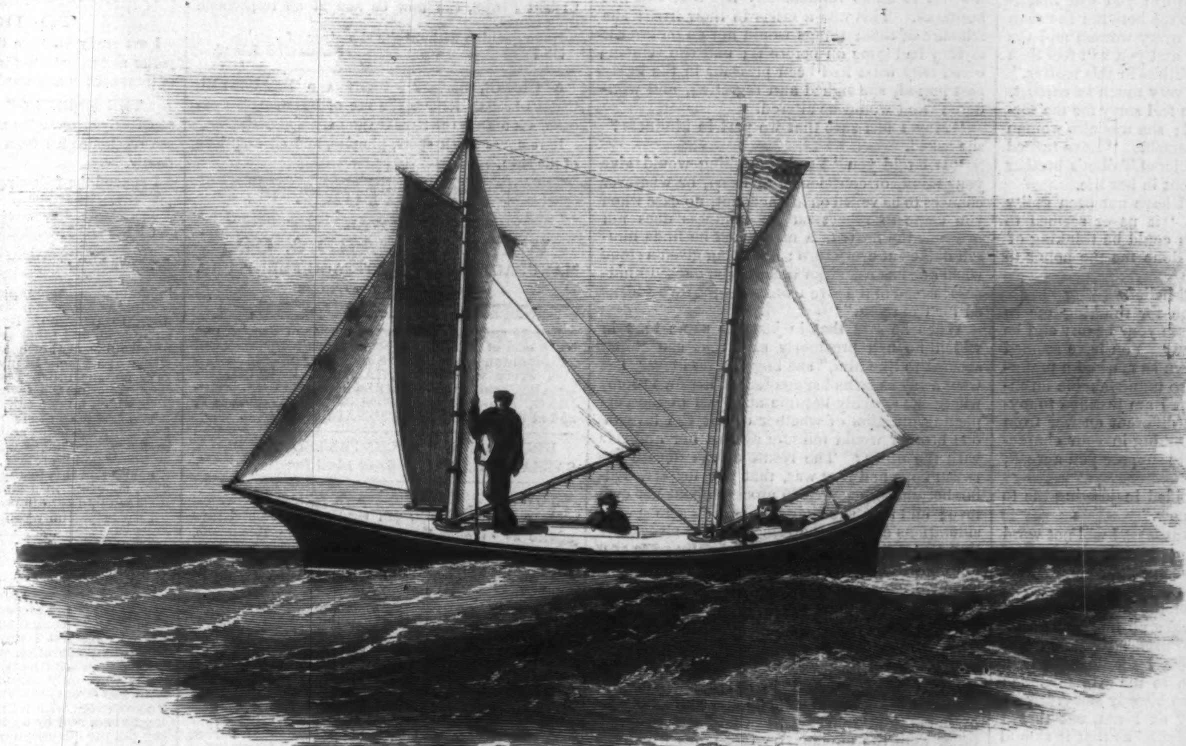
"Most men would call it theirs."

"Most men would be wrong, then. It's mine, inasmuch as the betrayal of it would harm me more than it would hurt you; some of my friends would find it impossible to believe that I had not been to blame for more than blindness in the matter."

"You are great at making mistakes," he said, quietly; "now you are attributing all manner of fine feeling, which he does not possess, to the man you fancy you love. I know him better."

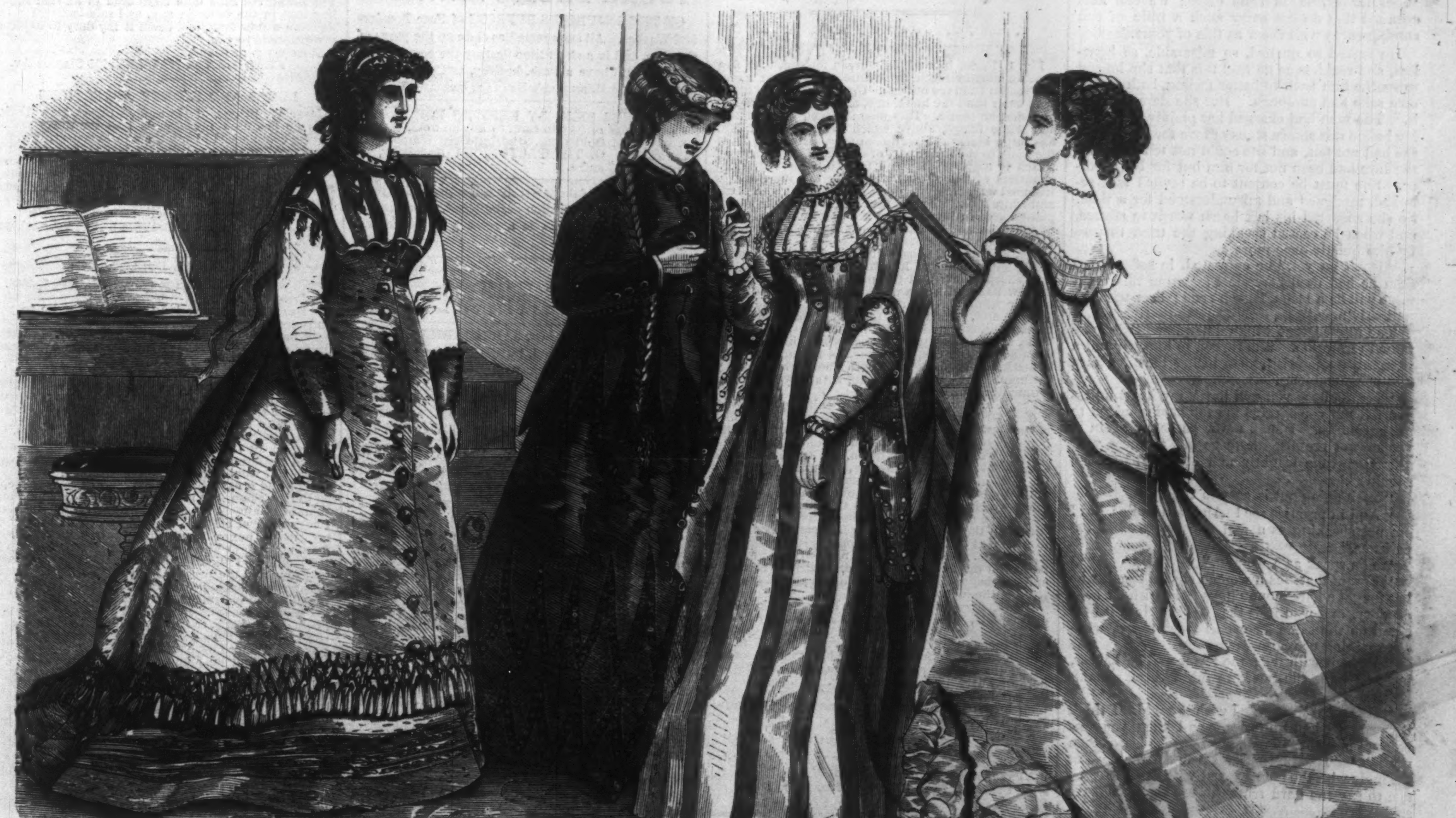
"You ought to know him better, but you know nothing of him if you can say that."

"He will always seek what other men seek, and strive to win what other men want," Edgar Talbot went on, disregarding her; "his love is not worth the name; it will always flow in the courses other men open up to his vision; he's



THE SMALLEST VESSEL EVER BUILT FOR OCEAN SERVICE.

Photographed by Wm. H. Weaver, Baltimore.—[See Page 341.]



PARIS FASHIONS FOR MAY.—[See Page 350.]

acting an unworthy part now toward you and toward—" He paused, and Blanche cried:

"Toward whom?"

"Toward another woman. I will not mention her name; you will know it in time. He's weak, vain, and impressionable—and you prefer him to me?"

"I have staid here too long," she said, turning to go; and then he followed her, and stood so that he barred her egress from the door.

"I have more to say, Miss Lyon, and you must hear it."

She bowed her head acquiescently, and then stood, resting her chin in her left hand, and holding the supporting elbow in her right hand, in that attitude of mingled resignation and impatience which is familiar to women.

"You shall hear it, and you shall not forget it. You will follow your own path now; mine seems too dreary for you to tread. You will marry; you will be happy for a time; then he will neglect you, and you will remember my love, and—turn to it."

"Heaven forgive you these words!" She shuddered, and looked as though she could not be kind, as she prayed Heaven might be.

"Whether or not, they are spoken, and you will think of them by-and-by; you will realize then that there is a difference between the man who feigns a passion for every woman and the man who feels it for one; and you will feel then that you have not been guiltless in this matter."

He spoke as if he were very much in earnest. She was woman enough to feel sorry for the sorrow that would be worded; she was also woman enough to feel sorry for herself. "Love turned to gall" in the bosom of Lionel Talbot's brother might prove a bitter element in her life.

"At least believe that I have not been guilty in design," she pleaded; "it never seemed to me to be possible that you could be thinking of me in the way you have done me the honor to think of me."

He shook his head in disbelief.

"What reason had you for thinking me so blind or so cold as not to see your beauty and be touched by your sympathy? You have seemed to like me; you have shown so marked a preference for my society, and so unmistakable an interest in my prospects, that I am justified to myself in having expected a different answer from you. I had discovered nothing in your character or manner to lead me to suppose you a weak, vain, or false woman—"

"And you are not justified in judging me to be either of these things now."

"I will not judge you—at least I will not word my judgment of you, but I will ask you to judge yourself when I have put your conduct before you plainly."

"Mr. Talbot—not even the honor you have done me entitles you to take up the position of my accuser in this way; conscience free as I am, I am still bitterly sorry that I should have been the means of leading you to make a mistake: that is all I can say—I am bitterly sorry."

"Not so bitterly sorry as I am, not that I should have 'made a mistake,' as that it should 'be a mistake;' you are the first woman on whom I have set my heart—you will be the last, yet you can calmly tell me 'I have made a mistake, and that you are conscience free.' Miss Lyon, men do not 'make mistakes' nor are women 'conscience free' in such cases; we call acts criminal that do not carry such a train of evil consequences with them as this of yours."

He looked so quelled, so miserable, so hopeless, and reckless as he said this that she longed to soothe him back to better feeling, both for his own sake and another's. But she dared not do it. The man had charged her plainly with having before this shown signs of love for him which she had not felt, and she could not tell him that the love had been not for him but for his brother. She must be content to be reviled and rebuked, maligned and misunderstood for a time. So she accepted his last harsh words in silence, and when he ceased speaking she tried to pass by him quietly once more.

"Don't go yet," he entreated, in softer tones than he had used heretofore; "from this night mine will be a black, barren road; bear with me patiently now."

The altered tone broke down her hardly-sustained resolution. She turned to him with all a woman's tender pitifulness in her blushing face and tear-filled eyes.

"Mr. Talbot, you will break my heart unless you tell me you forgive me for having added to your troubles. I shall never be happy again if you do not promise me to go out to meet your altered fortune brightly and bravely as a man should?"

"Such going out is easy in theory."

"And in practice too! Ah! you smile; but I am not speaking as a fool entirely without experience."

"You speak as a woman."

"I grant that—as a woman should speak who has fought a long monotonous fight without hope of glory, and who feels that she can fight it over again on the same, or even harder terms, without repining or regret."

"Fight it with me; the terms will be harder, but you have the heart to fulfill them gallantly."

"It can not be now. I wish it could. I think it would if I had known you as I know you now before I had got to love some one else better than my life. 'Hard terms!' I'd fulfill the hardest willingly with the man I loved who had the courage to say the hard truths to me that you have said."

"Do you mean that for consolation? because if you do, I must tell you that it falls short of your intention."

"I scarcely know what I intend it for—yes I do; I intend you to understand through it that I understand and sympathize, and, to a certain degree, regard you very warmly—hard as you have been on me—cuttingly as you have tried to make me feel that I have been weak, and vain, and false." Then she paused, came down from her impassionate height, and added, "What will they think of us in the drawing-room?"

"They will 'think'—naturally enough—that the one who came to seek staid to comfort me; they will 'know' nothing more, unless you tell them."

"You do think very poorly of me."

"No; but I think it more than possible that in some unguarded moment you may utter the truth concerning me; not in the spirit of a vaunt; you will not boast, but the day will come, surely, when you will feel proud of having gained my love, and then you will tell that you rejected it."

"Never!" she exclaimed, earnestly. "It is much to be proud of, I know that; but my pride in it makes me proud for you." Then the present difficulty beset her again, and she asked, "Had I not better go back to the others?"

"And gratify any curiosity they may be feeling by looking agitated; no, go up to your own room if you wish to be spared question and remark." Then he stood slightly on one side, and she knew that she was free to pass him, and then the will to do so immediately left her, and she hesitated. This was a crisis in their lives; she felt sure of that; things would not go on after it as they had gone on before it; and she remembered only what had been pleasant in the lately past period, she sighed and regretted, and wondered what would be altered.

"May I feel sure that we part in kindness?" she asked.

"If I told you 'Yes,' the telling would give your mind, or conscience, or heart, or whatever chances to be vexed on my account, no ease when you came to reflect on it; kindness does not overflow the heart of a man when he finds himself balked at every turn; it is being given a stone when one has asked for bread to be offered kindness instead of the love I wanted—the love I looked for from you."

When he said that in just the same tone in which he had previously said that she "had seemed to like him," she lingered no longer, but went away as he had suggested, to her own room, where she speedily became absorbed in the perplexing question of whether or not the love of one brother would militate against her interests with the other? The result of the debate between hope and fear was, that pity for Mr. Talbot became submerged in anxiety about her own love; and then she suddenly cast all selfish considerations aside as the remembrance struck her that the fortunes of the Talbot family were at a low ebb—that Edgar, the head of the house, was a ruined man.

THE CITY OF ROME.

We present on pages 344 and 345 a striking picture of the City of Rome as it appears to-day. The engraving is so complete and perfect a panorama of the "Eternal City" that any description other than the explanatory foot-notes which we give would be unnecessary. The careful student of its history and architecture can readily point out the famous scenes and localities on the engraving, which will thus furnish hours of pleasant and profitable study.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR MAY.

Fig. 1. Under jupe of plain green foulard, with five rows of narrow black and white cord placed about two inches from the bottom. Upper jupe rather lighter in color than the under one, and covered with spots of a deeper shade. This jupe is edged with a black and white fringe, above which is an insertion, and has large black and white buttons, extending from the waist to the lower part of the skirt. The corsage, which is high, is of white foulard, with very deep gauntlets of the same material as the jupe, and is trimmed with bands of green, embroidered with black and white silk. The coiffure consists of two bands of plaited green ribbon, which are passed over the top of the head and terminate in bows with long ends, tied beneath the chignon.

Fig. 2. *Walking Dress.*—Jupon of blue cashmere, with plaited flounce. Robe of dark brown taffeta cut into sharp points and trimmed at the edges with a narrow band with a row of beads up the centre; a similar trimming is arranged higher up the skirt. The paletot, which is of the same material as the robe, is ornamented at the lower part in the same style, and has pointed ornaments hanging from the shoulders. The chapeau, which is turban-shaped, is of black velvet, surmounted with a border of peacock's feathers. The chignon is small, with very long plaits falling down on each side.

Fig. 3. *Evening Dress.*—Robe of sultane, with gold-colored stripes, made en fourreau. The corsage, which is very low, is trimmed at the upper part with plaited gold-colored satin ribbon and festoons of pearls. The sleeves, which hang low down, are trimmed in the same fashion. The chemisette, of puffed white muslin with gimp down each seam, is made high, and with long straight sleeves; round the neck is a trimming which corresponds with that on the corsage. The robe à queue, which is without any trimming further than that already described, is perfectly plain in front and at the sides, and has merely some few plaits at the back. The coiffure is composed of a long curl falling on the left side, with smaller curls on the right, and two bands of yellow satin ribbon passed over the front of the hair.

Fig. 4. *Evening Dress.*—Robe Princesse, in silver-gray taffeta, with low bodice; the lower part of the skirt is trimmed with a flounce of puffed muslin about three inches deep behind, and increasing to ten or twelve inches in front, relieved by branches of red coral; the corsage and ends of the short sleeves are bordered with a similar trimming. Long sleeves fall over the shoulders and are fastened behind by a branch of red coral. The comb, necklace, and bracelets are also of coral.

For brown discolorations, called Moth and Freckles, use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion, prepared by Dr. B. C. Perry, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.

NAVAL COURT-MARTIALS.

The Law and Practice of the United States. Naval Court-Martials. By A. A. Harwood, U.S.N. 1 vol., 8vo, law binding, $4. This day published by D. VAN NOSTRAND, 192 Broadway, New York.

. Copies sent free by mail on receipt of the price.

The U. S. Frigate Congress,

Before her destruction in Hampton Roads, furnished, in the persons of Samuel Anderson and one of his messmates, still further proof of the superiority of Dr. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE in dislodging Tape Worm. We quote from Mr. Anderson's letter: "The Surgeon on board our frigate, the *Congress*, says that *he can do nothing for me.* He has prescribed a number of remedies for the expulsion of the worm, *but all to no effect.* I have seen a notice of Dr. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE, and wish to try it. Please send me a bottle." After the receipt of the remedy Mr. Anderson writes again: "There passed from me a great number of joints of the worms; the gnawing sensation in the stomach is gone, and I am convinced that by a further use of Dr. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE I will be restored to perfect health. One of my messmates, also troubled with tape worm, seeing how much benefit I have derived from the use of Dr. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE, wishes to try the same remedy."

Again, in a third letter to FLEMING BROS., Mr. Anderson says: "The package of Vermifuge is received per Adams's Express. My messmate took one dose, and I was astonished at the large number of joints that were expelled. We are convinced that by the use of the celebrated Vermifuge we will be restored to our former health and vigor."

Truthful testimony of a similar nature can be furnished indefinitely.

☞ Purchasers will be careful to ask for Dr. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE, manufactured by FLEMING BROS., of PITTSBURG, Pa. All other vermifuges are, in comparison, worthless. Dr. McLANE'S genuine VERMIFUGE, also his celebrated LIVER PILLS, can now be had at all respectable drug stores.

None genuine without the signature of
[18.] FLEMING BROS.

A CLEAR, SMOOTH SKIN and BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION follows the use of Helmbold's Concentrated Extract Sarsaparilla.

It removes black spots, pimples, and all eruptions of the skin.

FURNITURE.
REMOVAL.
WARREN WARD & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF COTTAGE FURNITURE,
HAVE REMOVED TO THEIR
NEW WAREHOUSE,

Nos. 75 and 77 Spring Street, corner of Crosby, one block east of Broadway, between the St. Nicholas and Metropolitan Hotels, where they are prepared to furnish every variety of CHAMBER, PARLOR, LIBRARY, and DINING-ROOM FURNITURE, BEDDING, &c., &c., UNSURPASSED IN QUALITY, and at their USUAL REASONABLE PRICES.

HELMBOLD'S CONCENTRATED EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA is the *Great Blood Purifier.*

HOW TO DO IT. Fowler & Wells, 389 Broadway, New York, can read character and give advice as to pursuits, health, &c., from likenesses. Send a prepaid envelope, and ask for the "Mirror of the Mind," which will tell how likenesses should be taken, the required measurements, terms, &c.

IN THE SPRING MONTHS the system naturally undergoes a change, and Helmbold's Highly Concentrated Extract of Sarsaparilla is an assistant of the greatest value.

WATERS' PIANO-FORTES.

Grand, Square, and Upright; Melodeons: Parlor, Church, Gem, and Cabinet Organs—the best manufactured—to let, and rent applied if purchased; monthly installments received. Second-hand pianos at great bargains. Factory and Warerooms, No. 481 Broadway, New York. HORACE WATERS & CO.

YOUNG LADIES BEWARE!

OF THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS of Face Powders and Washes. All such remedies close up the pores of the skin, and in a short time destroy the complexion. If you would have a fresh, healthy, and youthful appearance, use Helmbold's Extract Sarsaparilla.

WATCHES SENT BY EXPRESS FOR $4. On receipt of $4 will send to any address, C.O.D., $4, one solid Gold Com. Hunting-Case Watch, with vest chain. G. THISTLETON, 181 Broadway, 2d floor, rooms 3 and 4.

NOT A FEW of the worst disorders that afflict mankind arise from corruption of the blood. Helmbold's Extract Sarsaparilla is a remedy of the utmost value.

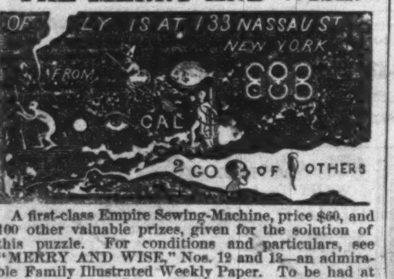
6000 Agents wanted to sell *six* new inventions, of great value to families; all pay great profits. Send 15c. and get 80 pages, or 25c. and get 80 pages and a sample gratis. EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

HELMBOLD'S Extract SARSAPARILLA cleanses and renovates the blood, instills the vigor of health into the system, and purges out the humors that make disease.

BOOK OF MYSTERIOUS DISCLOSURES, 25 cts.
W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, New York.

QUANTITY vs. QUALITY. Helmbold's Extract Sarsaparilla. The dose is small. Those who desire a large quantity and large doses of medicine ERR.

THE MERRY AND WISE.



A first-class Empire Sewing-Machine, price $60, and 100 other valuable prizes, given for the solution of this puzzle. For conditions and particulars, see "MERRY AND WISE," Nos. 12 and 13—an admirable Family Illustrated Weekly Paper. To be had at all news stands. Price of subscription: 3 months, $1; 6 months, $2; one year, $4. Address F. BELLEW & CO., 133 Nassau St., New York.

THOSE WHO DESIRE BRILLIANCY OF COMPLEXION must purify and enrich the blood, which Helmbold's Concentrated Extract of Sarsaparilla invariably does. Ask for *Helmbold's.* Take no other.

Brandreth's Pills.
The Best Patronized Medicine of the Age.

BEFORE THE PUBLIC SINCE 1751.

In the last forty years they have been used by many millions of human beings.

They cleanse the stomach, the liver, the spleen, the kidneys, and restore regularity to the bowels, thus curing Dyspepsia, Headache, Dizziness, Apoplexy, Epilepsy, Rheumatism, Gout, Heart Disease, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Worms, Colic, the Plague, and Cholera; and in Fever and Ague and all fevers,

BRANDRETH'S PILLS

never disappoint when the directions are adhered to.

But the body is a unit, and disease is a unit. Each part of the body must not be considered longer

AN INSULATED REPUBLIC,

but as a distinct portion of the general commonwealth. If one part is out of health, do not all the other parts soon suffer?

Let us then away with these names of diseases.

If you are sick, Brandreth's Pills will act upon the local disease and upon the general system, cleansing the bowels and purifying the blood.

TO DOCTORS.

I am ready to prove that Brandreth's Pills are superior as curatives to the regular and all other modes of treatment in any ward of any hospital.

THE MERITS OF BRANDRETH'S PILLS

constantly increase the area of their usefulness. They are recommended from man to man, from family to family.

I append the following voluntary evidence.

B. BRANDRETH.

CURE OF INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.

Sing Sing, *Jan.* 25, 1867.

Dr. Brandreth:

For some years I have been subject to attacks of inflammatory rheumatism, which usually come on every three or four months. My physicians were of the highest reputation. By their advice I took colchicum, citric acid, and other celebrated remedies; but none relieved me, or shortened the attacks, which lasted for weeks at a time. In my last attack I concluded to try your famous Pills. I was lying upon my bed at the time, suffering the severest pains in my feet and ankles, which no pen can describe.

The first dose of six pills was so effective that in a few hours the pains and swelling sensibly abated, and in forty-eight hours were all gone, and I was cured and have had no return.

I send you this testimonial for the benefit of others who, suffering in a similar manner, may know how they can find certain relief.

I am respectfully yours, J. D. DUDLEY.

Brooklyn, *October* 5, 1866.

To Dr. Brandreth:

It gives me pleasure to state the good I have experienced from your pills. Since I commenced their use I have felt in all respects like a new man, and the rheumatism I took them to relieve has entirely disappeared. At first I was prejudiced against them, because their operation was attended with severe griping; but on a further experience I am convinced such pains were only caused by the medicine struggling with and removing certain obstructions in the bowels. I commenced with taking five pills every night on going to bed, and by an increase of one pill every evening ran the quantity up to twelve pills, which number I continued to take for ten days, and then gradually reduced to five pills at a dose. With the exception of the first three doses I have experienced no pain or griping, but the operation was both easy and pleasant. I took the pills for twenty-four days, and noticed that I passed a great quantity of black, bilious-looking offensive matter, which I am glad to have got clear of. The Brandreth Pills take right hold of all that is deleterious in the bowels; and, as I said before, I now feel like a new man, and deem it my duty to express my gratitude to you.

Sincerely your friend,
FRANKLIN L. HAWLEY, 238 Classon Av.

LUNGS AND KIDNEY AFFECTIONS.

Isaac W. Briggs, of 145 Suffolk Street, New York, says he has used Brandreth's Pills for thirty years, having commenced to use them in February, 1836, for dyspepsia, affection of the lungs and kidneys. He took Brandreth's Pills every day for thirteen months, and in March, 1837, became a perfectly sound, healthy man, though before he commenced with this great medicine he was on the verge of the grave.

In Liver affections the Brandreth Pills have seldom failed.

READ THE FOLLOWING:

Hammonton, N. J., *May* 7, 1866.

Dr. Brandreth:

Dear Sir,—I have long wanted to write to you and express my gratitude for the beneficial effects that have been experienced in my own family, and in hundreds, aye, thousands of others, by the use of Brandreth's Pills. The first year my lamented friend Brockway sold your Pills in Boston (1838), I called at his office. I was then in a declining state of health, and my friends, as well as myself, supposed my earthly voyage would soon terminate. Mr. Brockway urged me to take the Brandreth Pills; but having used so much medicine, with no good effect, I was more inclined to let nature take its course, and calmly submit to my fate. Mr. B. offered to give me one dozen boxes if I would try them as prescribed. By this I saw he had great faith in them, and I finally consented to take them, but not as a gift. I went home and went at it, almost hopelessly. After taking one box I began to feel better. Well, Sir, when I had used up my twelve boxes I was apparently a well, healthy man, my weight having gone from 131 pounds up to 152 pounds. I then ordered a supply; and between that time and the present I have retailed $3000 worth of these invaluable Pills, and am quite sure that I have thereby been instrumental in saving not hundreds but thousands of lives. I have given them to my oxen, horses, pigs, fowls, cats, dogs, and always with the desired effect. I have a wife and nine children, most of them born since I have used the Pills. A more healthy family can not be found. We are frequently asked how it is our children look so healthy. My wife replies that "we raise them on Brandreth's Pills." Now my children overload their stomachs, get cold and out of order, like others; but they have been taught the remedy, and go and take the Pills of their own accord. This I consider an important branch of their education, and feel assured, as they shove off upon the voyage of life, that they know how to take care of themselves. I was in trade at my last residence, North Lincoln, Maine, for twenty-nine years. I have been here about seven years. I am therefore well known, and my statements can be verified by hundreds. Yours,

C. J. FAY, P.M.

Brandreth's Pills are sold by all Druggists, and at the principal office, Brandreth House, New York.

Observe B. BRANDRETH in white letters on the Government Stamp on each box.

The GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.

Established 1861.

THE IMMENSE PROFITS OF THE TEA TRADE.

The Proprietors of The Great American Tea Company became fully convinced, several years ago, that the consumers of Tea and Coffee were paying too many and too large profits on these articles of every-day consumption, and therefore organized the Great American Tea Company to do away, as far as possible, with these enormous drains upon the consumers, and to supply them with these necessaries at the smallest possible price.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than small dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so that there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by Post-Office Money Orders, or by express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceeds thirty dollars, we will, if desired, send the goods by express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show. All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

Price-List.

YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

MIXED (black and green), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

IMPERIAL (green), best $1 25 ℔ lb.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.

GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25, best $1 50 ℔ lb.

These Teas are chosen for their intrinsic worth, keeping in mind health, economy, and a high degree of pleasure in drinking them.

Our Black and Green Mixed Teas will give universal satisfaction and suit all tastes, being composed of the best Foo-Chow Blacks and Moyune Greens, English Breakfast is not recommended, excepting to those who have acquired a taste for that kind of Tea, although it is the finest imported.

Consumers can save from 50 cents to $1 00 per pound by purchasing their Teas of

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
Nos. **31** and **33** Vesey St., (Post-Office Box 5643), New York City.

COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c, best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers and Families, who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

Our Coffee Department is very extensive—the largest perhaps in the country. We run three engines constantly, and sometimes four or five, in roasting and grinding our Coffee. Our Coffee buyers are experts, who examine most of the Coffees imported, and select the best and finest flavors for our trade. We employ the most experienced and skillful roasters, who exercise the greatest care that it shall be cooked in a perfect manner. It is always fresh, for our orders crowd our facilities to their utmost capacity.

A considerable portion of the Coffee put upon the market of late years is picked while the pods are green, and subjected to artificial heat to open the pods. This is not so good as that which ripens in the natural way upon the plant. Our Coffee buyer thoroughly understands this business, and can readily distinguish the naturally ripened from the artificially cured; and he only buys the Coffee which is naturally ripened. We examine the cargoes as they arrive, and our trade is so large that it takes all the best lots. This is what gives our Coffee a superior flavor to many others, and the same flavor it used to have in days long gone by. It is a common saying that most Coffee does not taste as well as it formerly did. The reason for it is that a considerable proportion of it is picked before it is fully ripe. We sell none but the fully ripe, rich-flavored Coffee.

Country Clubs, Hand and Wagon Peddlers, and small stores (of which class we are supplying many thousands, all of which are doing well), can have their orders promptly and faithfully filled; and in case of Clubs can have each party's name marked on their package and directed by sending their orders to Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-Office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collecting by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

Complimentary Letters from Clubs.

Bear Grove P.O., Minn., *April* 27, 1867.

The Great American Tea Company, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York:

Gents,—During the past year I have filled out the list for four clubs, and I am able to say that all are well satisfied. Your last arrived yesterday in good order. It costs us 10 cents per pound express charges, therefore $1 25 Tea costs $1 35. Our storekeepers sell Tea which they call good, but we all see quite a difference, for $2 25 and $2 50. At $2 50 we save 90 cents per pound, and get a better quality of Teas. It is universally conceded by all that the Great American Tea Company is the place to buy Teas. People have confidence in your establishment, and I can insure you a liberal patronage from this part of the Northwest. You may expect to hear from me soon again.

Thanking you for past favors received, I am Yours truly, Samuel C. Nichols.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa, *March* 19, 1867.

To the Great American Tea Company, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York:

Gentlemen,—I have received my first box of Tea, $44 25, and with pleasure inform you that it has given the purchasers a feeling of old times, as they have experienced in drinking Tea before the war, satisfying them that the Company is not a "Humbug." I send to-day my second order of $121 40. Please forward to me with bill for collection.

A. C. Messenger.

Woonsocket, R. I., *Feb.* 4, 1867.

To the Great American Tea Company, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York:

Gentlemen,—I now send you my fifth order for Teas, which I hope will be as good as heretofore; it is just one year since I sent my first order of $20, which I think was the first order you got from here as a club. During the year I have sent you upward of $400, and I have not heard a complaint yet from any one, but all speaking well of your Teas, and are well satisfied. Accept my thanks for the complimentary package. Inclosed you will find $134 35 for this order. Hoping you will forward as soon as possible, I remain,

Yours respectfully, James Woodhouse.

Stoughton, Dane Co., Wis., *Feb.* 25, 1867.

To the Great American Tea Company, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York:

Gentlemen,—The Tea I ordered came to hand all right, and gives general satisfaction. Please accept my thanks for the complimentary package.

Some of my neighbors who appeared to be afraid of being humbugged when I got up the club, are now forming a club, and you will probably hear from them soon. The ball is now started in this vicinity, and will probably turn the Tea Trade into a new channel. I expect to send another Club Order before the Tea that we now have is all consumed.

Yours truly, E. E. Roberts.

N.B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the

Great American Tea Company,

31 and 33 Vesey Street. Post-Office Box No. 5643, New York City.

☞ We call special notice to the fact that *our* Vesey Street Store is at Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street—*large double store.*

BARTLETT'S
TRADE MARK.
REVERSIBLE
SEWING MACHINES.

Now acknowledged to be the
CHEAPEST GOOD SEWING MACHINES.
☞ Beware of all *bogus* and *unlicensed* Machines. ☜
Address J.W. Bartlett, Patentee, 569 Broadway, N.Y

TENNESSEE Swamp Shrub Balsam, for improving the Beard and Mustache. For history, testimonials and *Sample*, address John Rawlins, Box 5274, N.Y.

$25, THE GENUINE BARTLETT SEWING MACHINE. $25,

WANTED—Agents, $150 per month and all expenses paid, to sell the genuine Bartlett Sewing Machine. This machine will do all the work that can be done on any high-priced machine, and is fully patented, licensed, and warranted for five years. We pay the above wages, or a commission, from which twice that amount can be made. For circulars and terms address H. HALL & CO., 724 Chestnut St., Philada.

WHISKERS.

LAMONTE'S CORROLIA will will force Whiskers on the smoothest face. Price by mail, 10 cents. Address REEVES & CO., 78 Nassau St., New York.

$25 A DAY! Fifteen new articles for Agents. O. T. GAREY, Biddeford, Maine.

---

500 AGENTS WANTED in a new business. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Maine.

A LEGIBLE AND CHEAP EDITION OF THACKERAY'S PENDENNIS.

HARPER & BROTHERS have now Ready:

A NEW AND ELEGANT EDITION OF

THE HISTORY OF PENDENNIS:

HIS FORTUNES AND MISFORTUNES, HIS FRIENDS AND HIS GREATEST ENEMY.

A Novel.

By WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

With numerous Illustrations by the Author, and a Portrait on Steel, engraved by Halpin after Lawrence's Painting.

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